

LA BOHEME

ART
QUARTERLY

35¢



Winter Number



De Mirjia.

ROSERAY and CAPELLA of "The Great Temptations," mirrored in the pool of love. An artistic conception of beauty.

La Boheme Art Quarterly

VIN BLANC and LA VIE DE BOHEME — *An Editorial of Good Fellowship*

PARIS. The Latin Quartier. Fount of inspiration. Haven of struggling artists and aspiring scribblers. Scenes of Bacchanalian routs and bread-crust begging of students. Termed over a period of seven hundred summers in the argot of the studios, "La Vie de Boheme." To that appellation, Mademoiselles and Messieurs, this publication, LA BOHEME QUARTERLY is fondly dedicated.

To all that La Vie de Boheme means to the artist, the poet, the sculptor, the followers of Sappho and the restless disciples of Bacchus, this publication is endowed. Tradition that has lived through the ages—all that would please the habitués of "Boule Mich,"—

will be followed in these pages. It is a far cry from the days when Villon and Rabelais were students in the student kingdom. We hope to recall in the printed page these characters as well as others, some who lived that fame permanently enshrined them — others who have passed, forgotten and unsung.

The Spirit of Bohemia. It lives with us in America. As in Paris. In our hearts. It is the spirit of good fellowship. It is not synthetic bohemianism and does not necessarily pertain to neophytes of art. It was with du Marurier, Henri Mirger, de Musset and Paul Verlaine in no greater share than it is with you. The spirit of good fellowship that has carried through the centuries is not that of the cabarets of Montparnasse and Montmartre — but emanates from the hearts of men and women who have lived, loved, suffered, and died. Who have reached the pinnacle of fame by the abyss of failure. Who have sipped from the cup of plenty or the dregs of poverty. Who have made the world's most strident contribution in art and literature, and last but not least, in good fellowship.

To those kindred souls who feel the spirit of La Vie de Boheme—of good fellowship, of cheer, frivolity—this publication is fondly yet humbly dedicated.

WAYNE SABBATH.

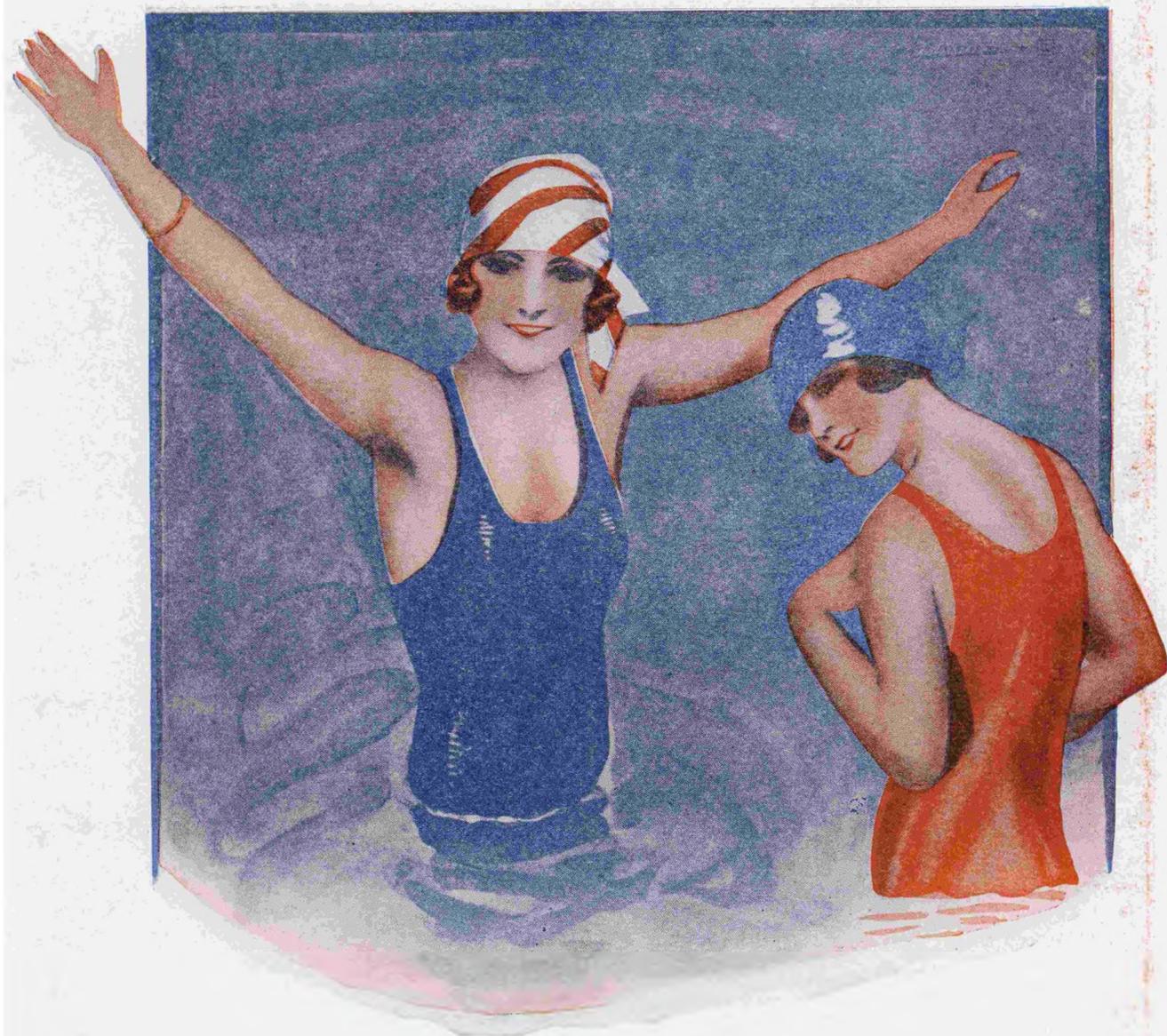


ART STUDENTS IN THE LATIN QUARTIER



INCONSISTENCY

WHY France, of all the nations of the world, should be the one to censor the limb display of their feminine athletes is beyond our post-prohibition comprehension. A people who, as a race, appreciate the form divine as do the French and who lead the world in the matter of daring theatrical nudity would hardly be expected to run a fever just because the famous Suzanne occasionally gives the spectators a flash of lingerie or Mademoiselle Who-zis exhibits considerable epidermis while negotiating a record high-jump. Let's hope that the "cover-up" wave doesn't hit Deauville. There are a lot of "females athletes" there who keep our picture-newspapers from suffering a news famine.



CIRCLES OF THE WATER

IT was in an art class in the Latin Quartier and a number of fair pupils were discussing their talent in general and their sketching from male models in particular. "I draw my men best in charcoal," said one dimpled miss. "I have better success with crayon," chimed in another. "How about you, Celeste?" they chorused, as a pretty blonde joined the group. "Oh!" replied the newcomer with rouguish wink, "for drawing men, I find that nothing succeeds as well as sheer silk hose and Parisian lingerie!" And we say our arithmetic is good at figures when form is displayed in bathing suits.

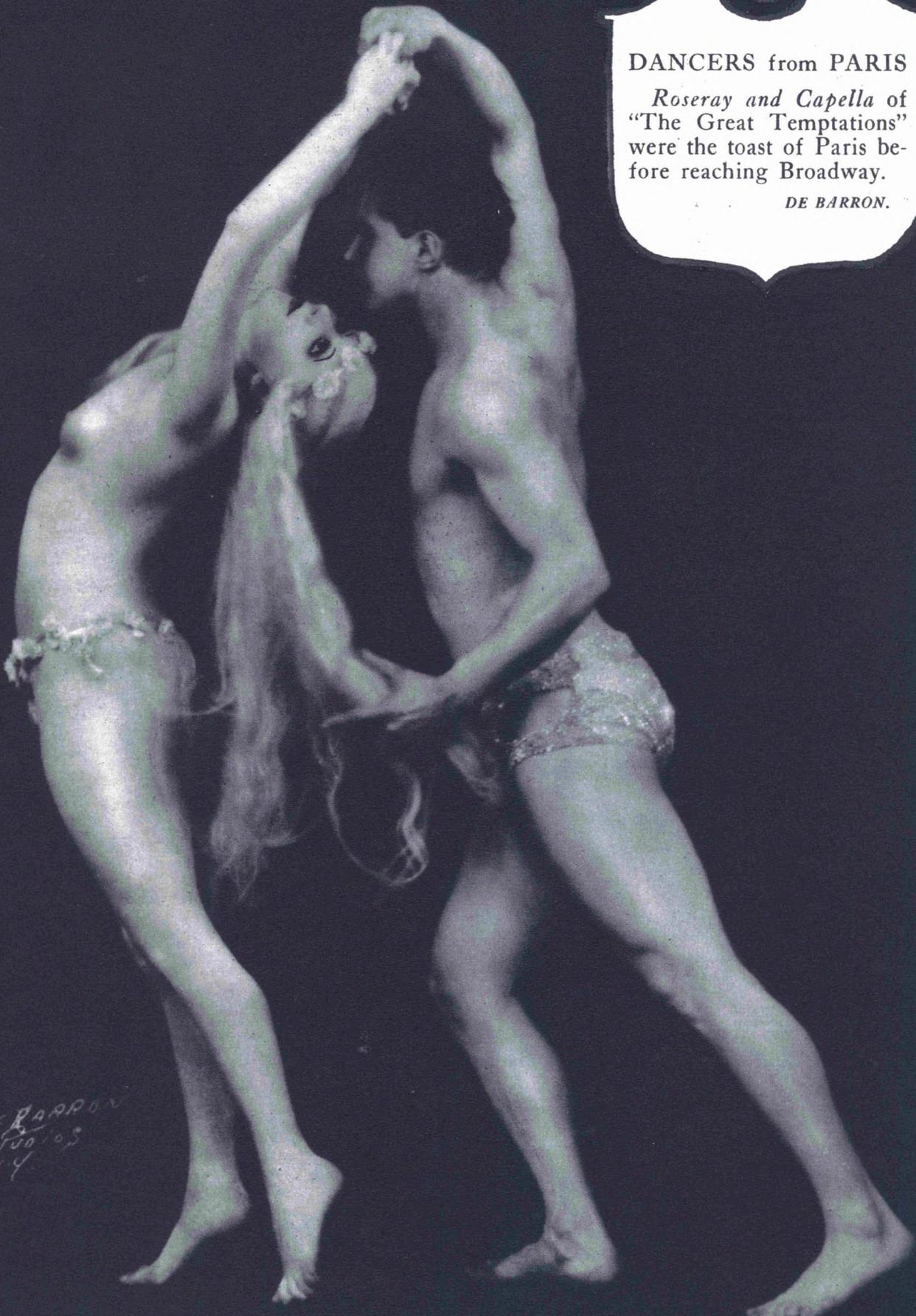


"OVER THE GARDEN WALL" IS OUT!

DANCERS from PARIS

Roseary and Capella of
"The Great Temptations"
were the toast of Paris be-
fore reaching Broadway.

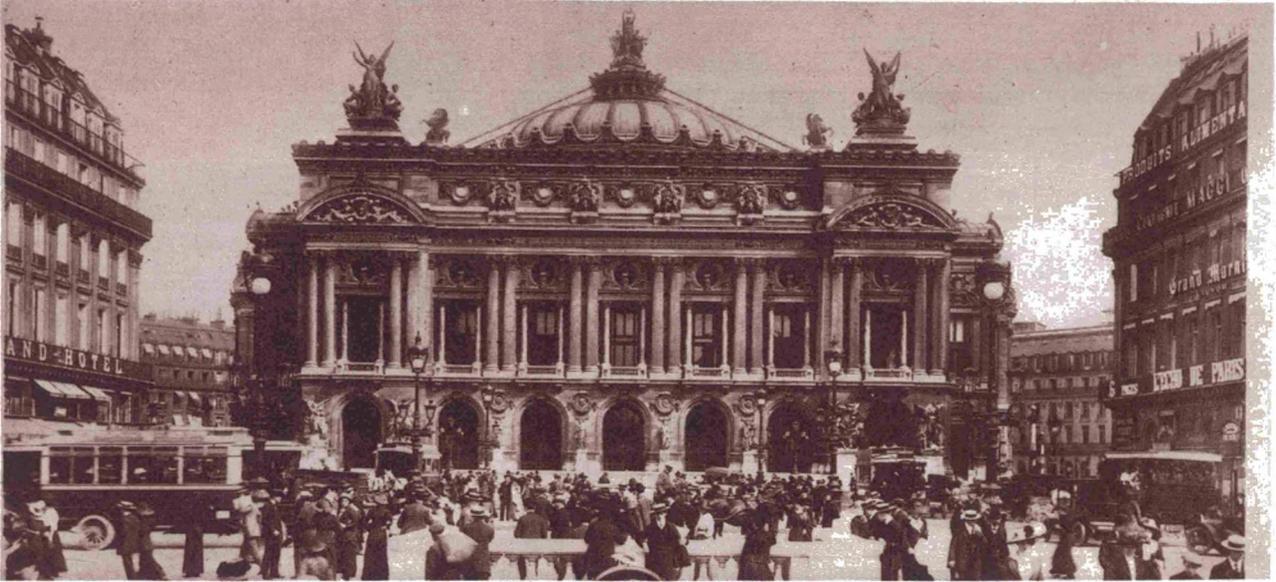
DE BARRON.



DE BARRON
STUDIOS
N.Y.



Viva la Belle Paris!



L'Opera, on the Place de l'Opera, the largest and finest opera house in the world, which the Butter and Egg man from the middle west visits annually, to witness a production of "La Tosca," in the hopes that he will see the prima donna appear in red tights. But god darn it, they just don't. •

The Parisians Own the Town but the Americans Stole the Key



ALL to thee, oh Paris!! City of Enchantment, Temple of Aphrodite!! Sired by noble France but mothered by the World. Paris, inimitable Paris! Mecca of the aspiring student, haven of the worldly-wise. Oh thou jewel of citadels, thou gem of habitations! How complex thy nature, how manifold thy attributes! Paris, you stand alone, of all the cities of the world, a monument to human nature.

Your Latin Quarter bubbling with temperamental genius and mouldering with depravity is an irresistible magnet that draws to its questionable bosom the artists all the earth. Your proud avenues and boulevards, where promenaded the world, have echoed the rumble of patrician carriages and the tramp of marching feet hurrying to the scene of battle. Your famous shops wherein milady fair doth realize her heart's desire are envied and imitated by merchants in every corner of the globe. Your pleasant parks are peopled with laughing children, trim ankled maids, lonely old gentlemen, and picturesque gendarmes. Your theatres and cabarets set a pace hard to follow—spicy, daring, intoxicating the senses and weakening the bank-roll. Your famous memorials are rich in historical

love and your priceless treasures of the arts are the envy of all nations. Your very atmosphere is charged with a delivious flavor of intrigue, insatiable romance, ghosts of countless amours and the hint of external tragedy. A melting-pot of the passions of the ages, of the world, but all Paris, essentially Paris.

Paris, you beautiful enchantress, you modern Circe, changing with your magic touch men into swine and maidens into gilded butterflies, to you we lift our thrill-hungry eyes and toward you we direct our trembling footsteps. You beckon with bejeweled fingers and falter a sweetly painted smile. Our parched lips thirst for the heady nectar of your hospitality. Our pulses quicken with the romantic touch of promise. Our purses bulge with restless fugitive gold, hard earned but eager to flow like water into your itching palms. With open arms you greet us, clasp us to your fickle heart, warm us with the heat of your passions and cast us aside. Though we are but a fleeting moment in the span of your crowded hour, we dream foolish thoughts. Later, perhaps, we slink unobtrusively to the far places, the fertile countryside, the lesser cities, the barren wastes from whence we came

hating you, cursing you yet breathing a prayer for your salvation. Cursing and praying we labor at our various tasks that we may amass sufficient gold to again make the pilgrimage to your mystic court and pay homage to the goddess of Beauty and the Flesh.

Paris, you are a paradox of discordant virtues, creating what you destroy and laying waste the masterpieces of your talent. Phoenixlike, from the ashes of old loves, you fashion new ones. Neither age nor condition weighs in the balance. You are an alchemist of human emotions, a delver into the black art of Passion. You are a builder of triangles, a master architect of the structure of lies and deception.

Paris, incorrigible coquette, mistress of the World, lover of the Nations! Thou art wooed by rich and poor alike, passionately, persistently. Aspired to by many, won by few. Your "affaires de amour" contribute a colorful thread to the pattern of history.

From the polyglot environment of your Montmartre great artists have sprung, talent has flourished and the mysterious bud of genius has bloomed and awed with its fragrance.

Morals? What are morals to Paris? You are a law unto yourself, recognizing no superior, granting no compromises and asking no quarter. It is the old cry, "When in Rome do as the Romans do," changed to "When in Paris forget how the rest of the world does." You talk Parisian, act Parisian, think Parisian and do your best to look Parisian. It seeps into your blood and you find

yourself doing and thinking things that back on Main Street would be stilled with shame. But in Paris it is different, the viewpoint is changed, even life itself is complex. Ah Paris, you are yourself the excuse as well as the temptation, the cure as well as the disease. You are mischievous, infectious, irresistible!! You coax, you command, you entreat and you demand. You pull gently at our heart strings, then kick us lustily in the trousers. You invite our patronage, suffer our plebian contact and mock our vowed sincerity.

Paris, you are indeed a creature of moods. At times you are generous to a fault and then again you make the proverbial Scotchman seem a veritable spendthrift. You are lavish in praise and applause when pleased but cruelly indifferent and hard-hearted when the comedy of life fails to interest.

You are France's baby, a petted, pampered darling, reared in the lap of luxury and spoiled rotten by the admiration of intemperate millions. The World says, "What a lovely child!" and showers you with sticky lollypops. Many the "ugly duckling" that views you from afar jealously and with a vengeful heart. Other cities aspire to your laurels but your crown is secure for after all there can be but one Paris.

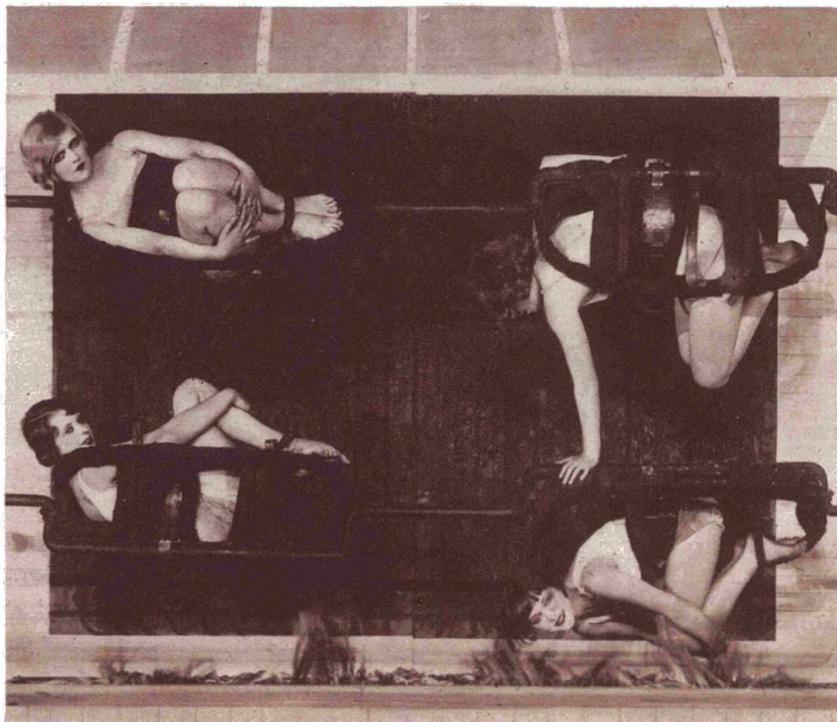
Yea, only one Paris and there are doubtless many somber-faced long-nosed individuals scattered over the face of the earth who, upon realizing the fact, cast their eyes piously aloft and murmur, "Thank Heaven for that!!"



Monument to Gambetta, with the Louvre in rear. This is the most famous art museum in the world and is the object of an annual pilgrimage for the same Butter and Egg man to view the nude sculptures and paintings, which are not displayed in his home town.

ABOUT Hot Girls in a Warm Climate

BY PROFESSOR FLATBUSH



DE MIRJIAN.

SUCH plays as "Rain," "The White Cargo," "East of Suez," and "Aloma of the South Seas," of which there seems to be an epidemic—such plays bring us 'round to the subject:

Why Are Girls in Warm Climates Invariably Hot?

Or, *are* they? Is it just that playwrights and authors in the fertility of their imaginations, like to picture them so?

But return to the hot babies in tepid environment. Question: Are they really *hot*? Answer: They are. Sitting on the sun-baked sandy beach of Waikiki would make a moron hot. Why, up here in Pittsburgh, they all sit on cold concrete steps. The difference lies only in the geography.

In my previous classics, I have psycho-analyzed various species of hot babies: The Shimmie girl of Tahiti, the Geisha girl of Japan, the Sing-Song girl of China and the Limehouse girl of London, not to mention the demi-monde girls of Paris. But now, to illustrate my point, I will tell of the hottest of red-hot mammas, the Dervish Dancer of India.

With some folks, love is a pastime, with others it is an occupation, but with this femal Dervish woman, it is a *religion*. She lives for love, and would gladly die rather than not have it.

Here's how. I was on a Cook's tour, and digesting it with difficulty. We arrived at Agra, and the guide was showing us around the Taj Mahal and other Hindu office buildings.

Finally, surfeited with the rubber-neck carts, and stereotyped prattle about "native customs," I cut loose from my milk-and-water guide, and wandered down a dirty little side street, winding in and out malodorous alley-ways, filled with strange people, strange smells, and strange noises.

I walked and walked I know not how long. The houses became fewer and farther between, until finally they were no more, and I found myself out upon a desert waste, with no living thing in sight, except a slimy gecko crawling to cover under a tuft of sparse desert growth, and no sound except the occasional hiss of an asp or cobra, as my wandering feet disturbed their secret lairs.

Darkness had overtaken me. Far in the distance, comes the almost human howl of a jackal. Stars twinkle overhead. Little bushes, caught in the light of the rising moon, cast long unearthly shadows on the snow-white desert sand. I find myself alone, enwrapped in the strange mystery of a tropic night.

On and on I walked as tho impelled by some power outside myself. Just ahead I discerned a few cocoanut palm trees huddled together. I had come to an oasis—a desert lake.

Allah be blessed! A god-send! For my tongue was parched. I bent over to drink and o weird sight! right in the very water I see a pair of eyes glaring up at me! Impossible! I will drink. No! A warning finger in the lake was held up to bid me nay. Was I bewitched? Or had the tropic heat gone to my brain?

Continued Next Quarterly



FROM PARIS the Gertrude Hoffmann Girls come to Broadway and Display Grace and Acrobatics.

DE MIRJIAN.

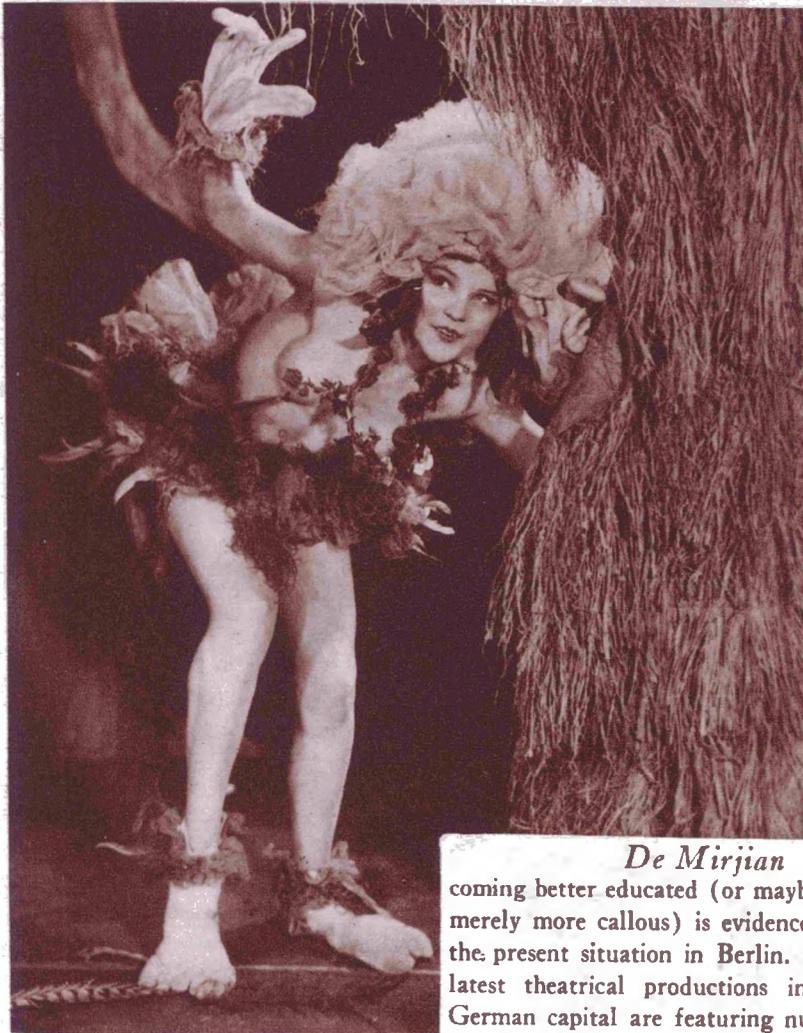
PASSING THE CATSUP

Two young ladies, evidently strangers to each other, were sitting at the same table in a restaurant. One of them had finished her lunch, the other was about to commence. The young lady who had finished sat back in her chair and lit a cigarette. The other one resented this and said, "I suppose you don't object to my eating while you are smoking." The first young lady looked at her and said brightly: "Well, no, not as long as I can hear the orchestra."

TELL IT TO THE MARINES

One of the navy boys stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yards wandered into Sand street to have his hair cut. The shop was full, so that quite a number of customers watched the operation. The blue jacket's head was rather large, and the barber thought he'd got a chance to be funny. "Now then," he said, "I'm off for a trip around the world." When he finished Tommy rose and strode towards the door, saying: "And now you can tell them you've had that trip for nothing." His ship sailed that day for China and the hair cut remains unpaid.

Fashion NUTS from Brazil



De Mirjjan

coming better educated (or maybe it's merely more callous) is evidenced by the present situation in Berlin. The latest theatrical productions in the German capital are featuring nudity. The ladies of the chorus and feature dancers appear in the "altogether" and the public approves of it. The producers and theatre managers claim that they do not have nearly the number of complaints now than when the girls were presented semi-nude. It seems that the voxpopuli is in favor of seeing all they can for their money.

Certain women prominent in Continental society have started the fashion of being photographed partially thusly. If Mrs. Hoffenbran has, or believes that she has, a beautiful back, waist or breasts, the obliging camera preserves them for the admiring gaze of posterity. It is only a matter of time at that rate before beauty unadorned will be quite the proper thing

in the family album. What a pity that the cute little mole on Aunt Emma's hip should be doomed to blush unseen! What a kick some future generation will get when they view the limbs of their family tree. Wonder just how long it will be before Papa does an Adam for the gilt frame on the mantlepiece.

Actions are said to speak louder than words and that being the case certain cliques of the social elite are saying, "Let's be natural with each other." The photograph of a epidermis lady once was looked on as a sign of low morality. Now it is the height of fashion. The evolution has been more or less gradual we'll allow, from newspaper snapshots of the daringly crossed legs of fair passengers arriving on ocean liners and bathing photos that consistently showed more of form than fabric.

Now comes an echo from the wilds of Brazil, the land of the untamed nut. In certain sections of the country the feminine styles are ultra-modern to a degree. In fact the last veil is not even considered and the priests of the missions have started something by insisting that the young ladies must wear *something* to church even if they won't at other times. The height of fashion in the vicinity of Porto Nacional on the Tocantins River is a flower behind the left ear augmented on Sunday by a necklace around the neck.

Yes, the trend of the Mode seems all for the "naked truth." Today is the day of sensational exposure and—personal. A few years ago the girls covered everything but their curiosity, now they expose everything but their real intentions. As snip by snip the scissors of fashion slowly approach the zero line, we of the male sex, the sightseers on this tour of Nature, pay the heavy bills.

T seems that regardless of race or geographical location the "female of the species" is suffering from the same fear of being—er—over-dressed. The majority of the male sex is afraid that they might be, too—the females, I mean. Consequently by a process of tactful admiration and careful manipulation the average feminine costume has been reduced to almost nothing. Verily, we see a great deal of the ladies, nowadays. Still the modern Salome, for the most part, clings doggedly to the seventh veil in spite of propaganda for greater "freedom of the sees."

That the masses are gradually be-





Torn between Love and Duty in PARIS.

Boulevard Sees a Novel Garter

PARIS.—With skirts gradually approaching zero, Madame is deeply concerned about making her garters attractive. A member of the Russian aristocracy here is wearing the late Czar's portrait on chamois on one garter and the Czarine's on the other. However, she has been much disturbed by persons who thought that the Czar's whiskers were loose threads of the garter. As the lady has agreeable understanding, many wanted to mend the supposed threads. Men who are clean-shaven are more likely thus to be honored in the future. Of course it is considered very bourgeois to wear one's husband's portrait on the garter. Besides, most Parisian women have two lower limbs but only one husband.

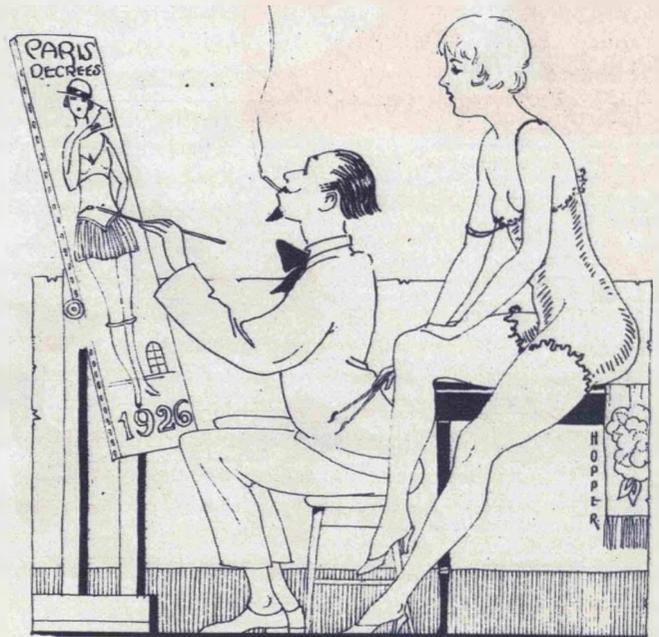
FAMOUS QUOTATIONS

- "My kingdom for a horse."—Sparrow.
- "He who runs may read."—MacFadden.
- "It is never too late to mend."—Ford.
- "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."—Dempsey.
- "To be or not to be."—Volstead.
- "Parting is such sweet sorrow."—Peggy Joyce.
- "Where is my wandering boy tonight?"—Salm.
- "Ah, there's the rub."—Red Grange.
- "Don't give up the ship."—Lipton.
- "That's all there is, there isn't any more."—Hylan.
- "And I learned about women from her."—Tinney.
- "It's the little things that count."—Woolworth.
- "Every cloud has a silver lining."—Moe Levy.
- "Where there's smoke there's fire."—Rhinelander.

Mose to his bootlegger: "How many kinds ob whiskey yoh-all got?"

Bootlegger: "Well, we've got Aviation Brand—one drop and you're dead; "Old Frog"—you take a drink, jump around a bit and then croak, and—"

Mose: "Neb min' dey's kind. Ah wants a quart ob Ole King Neptune—whut makes yoh feel so wet dat yoh see serpents!"



The Parisian Artist Creates the Coming Year's Styles.

Broadway Night Life

As Is

by
WILLARD KEEFE

WHEN the assertion is made that Broadway is night club mad, that isn't saying enough. The entire city has been stricken by a wild malady which might just as well be described as night-living. The passion for roaming until dawn is the mark of your New Yorker, be he Manhattanite or Bronxite, orderly dweller in Brooklyn or the still more orderly resident of far off Long Island and Westchester.

In consequence there are the countless resorts wherein the lights burn from midnight to dawn, varied and extraordinary places reaching from the nethermost limits of Greenwich Village to the far reaches of Harlem, where they go violently Afro-American.

A conception by Charles Smith of the Broadway one hears about but never sees. It is ever the same—making for the Ham and Egg man a thin sandwich and the ash-blond chorus girl a Rolls Royce.



But it is of Broadway places that this article deals—the subject covered ranging from the dignified places where gentle folk go to eat good food to the gilded speak-easy where go the gay mobs to put themselves in a position of not being able to eat for days.

Just when the night club became the hub of Manhattan night life remains uncertain. Of course, the midnight supper has always been more or less of a ritual on Broadway. One has only to remember the glory that was Rector's, or Delmonico's, or Sherry's. But people went there to

Paris Lures But Broadway Kills 'Em Dead

eat and only incidentally to drink and carouse.

There are many reasons for the popularity of the various clubs, though none of these reasons involve the quality of the food to be obtained. It never occurs to a night club patron that he might investigate the quality of the food.

No. In the first place, the patron is not encouraged to eat. Most of the clubs lease their kitchens to concessionaires (who probably prepare the required dishes at a cheap restaurant down the street), and collect the outrageous charges in payment of the concession. Plus the covert tax, this is of course profitable.

The bait spread out most temptingly to the passing patron is the floor show. That's what he's looking for and, since there has yet to be discovered a night club owner in the business for purely altruistic reasons, that's what he gets. Moreover, there is about most of these shows a pronounced tinge of indigo, and there is where the club begins to count its profits.

Latterly there has been a tendency on the part of the arriving club men to pattern their places after those which are blessed with success. It makes for a sameness about everything that is excessively dreary, since it is of course impossible to graft the expert showmanship into a production merely by copying the externals of the show itself. Thus we come to Texas Guinan.

Texas is indisputably lord high sachem of night life in New York. Her 300 Club is the hub of the big doings and her stunts are religiously followed by every desperate joint keeper whose quest is for dollars.

Since her days when, fresh from the Western pictures and small time vaudeville, Texas was installed as hostess at the Beaux Arts, she has demonstrated that she knows exactly what the joy throngs want. Larry Fay sensed her value and when he opened the El Fay Club, the first of all the present day asylums, Texas was invited over to boss things.

About her impromptu circus (which was of course carefully rehearsed) there was something which seized the public's fancy. Her methods were fresh and winning. If a too hilarious patron, be he an obscure peasant out for an annual night or a stage star of the biggest of the big time, Texas ruled him back into his seat and made him like it. If a party made noise during a song number, Texas beat their heads with a clapper. Nobody walked out.



Presently, with the newspaper columnists and Broadway reporters keeping close check on all the doings at the El Fay Club, it became something an honor to be recognized among the customers. The covert charge soared. The charges were staggering, but the people went and paid. By the time Mr. Buckner and his little group of padlock distributors buckled up the club, Texas was Queen of the Night.

With Fay, she proceeded to 48th street where she reigned over a still wilder place. Everything went. And everybody, hearing of this exciting place, wanted to see it. Texas is shrewd. When there came battering at her gates the infrequent night livers of the suburbs, she welcomed them as her pals. She made it their home.

This was great stuff for trade. The home-staying youth who takes the girl friend to frequent movies and to Broadway only in celebration of something very hot, indeed, has some fear of the gaudy palaces that line the street.

Wherefore, when La Guinan took him gently in hand and set him down among the decorations and instructed him to get a good flash at the random movie stars and stage players scattered here and there—well, when he ran into a reception like that, he was too grateful to squawk about the check.

Buckner broke up the El Fay Club, too, but Texas wasn't harmed. She flitted off to Florida, taught the wintering throngs how to approach a covert charge and returned to open her present club.

Naturally it is Texas that the others look to for new notions. And how pathetic they are, most of them! Because Texas can bestir a listless gin-questing throng into cheers for any of her little girls, one finds the master—or mistress—of ceremonies in the other places making the same demands. But with no luck. They just haven't got that stuff.

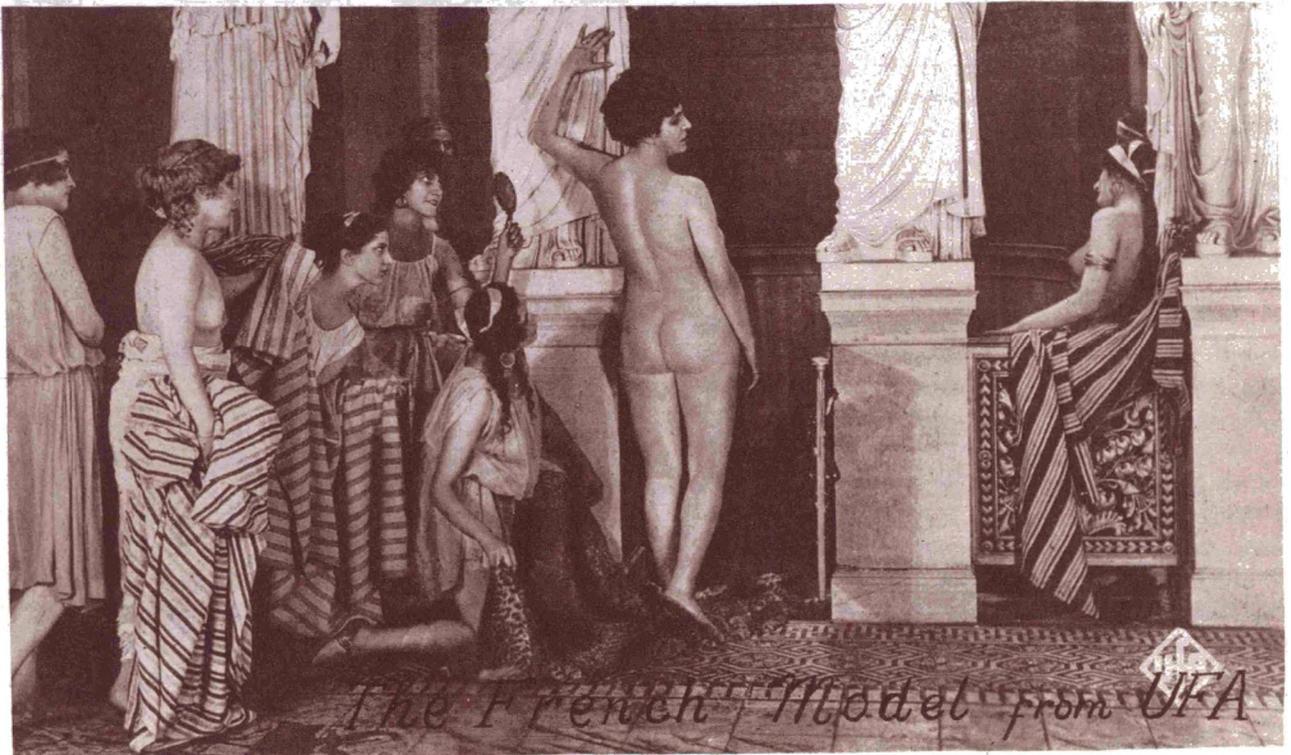
It is somewhat pitiful to watch the club owners searching for a red hot master of ceremonies. The stage has been ransacked for successful monologists and general wise-crackers. Eva Tanquay was tried, without much

luck. Cecil Cunningham emulates Texas over at the Cameo Club. Ed Lowry uses her technique at the Rendezvous. Jimmy Carr directs from the floor at the Monte Carlo. Al White at the Everglades. They're competent, but far from Guinan level. Sophie Tucker, a stage star, flopped dismally at the Playground and, returning to a revue with the rejected material, scored a success. You never can tell and, usually, you never can Texas.

The variety of floor show in the places is appallingly similar. As a general thing there is never in the show anybody of prominence, though lately experiments are being made in that direction. A notable example is the appearance at the Rendezvous of Marion Harris, the blues shouter.

If the band is good, with the approving seal of the recording companies on it, that is usually enough. The rest of the bill is merely a filler. The chief performer is likely to be a girl, of the song and dance type, recruited from the chorus of a stage success. Again, it may be a harmony and dancing act from vaudeville, or it may be composed of girls grown to popularity in various clubs, in the manner of Ruby Keeler, Kitty Riley, Loretta Adams, Madelyn Killeen, Grace and Hazel Bowman; or of comedians and dancers brought out in the night clubs, like Georgia Raft and Eddie Chester.

There is usually a chorus of speciality performers. The show opens with a tap dance, with variations of the Charleston and Black Bottom. An intense bare-foot gyrateuse follows, with the expected absence of clothes, a shock which the buyers are flung to appease them for



the later heavy check. Then, doubtless, a few blues songs and further diversified hoofing. Throughout the performance the master of ceremonies keeps up a non-stop ad libbing number, and on the expertness with which he delivers it rests the fate of the show.

The final number of the program is carefully arranged. Borrowing from the stage revues, the various performers are massed into a chorus and from the dim dressing room beyond they emerge in expensive creations which are lyrically described by the handsome tenor. They parade the dance floor until, with the second chorus, the lights go down and a shawled beauty suddenly is noticed. She drops the shawl and is seen all but nude. That's the show.

Regarding the patronage of the night clubs, nobody is able accurately to classify it. The Broadway crowd limits itself to a few places. The chief parade grounds are Texas's (of course) Club Richman, The Playground and, late at night, the Mimic Club. The visiting spenders like these places, too.

But the vast majority of night spenders, which is to say the type of stepper out who has to nurse his bankroll along before he hits the gay way, takes himself to other places. He equips himself with a girl friend and a bottle of something that gives quick results and may be found at the Silver Slipper, The Everglades, The Charm Club, The Frivolity, The Kentucky—where the show is acceptable and where he may dance. He balks at stiff couverts and leaves the high hat clubs to the Broadway gang and the spenders from West of Pittsburgh.

These same spenders from West of Pittsburgh are great stuff for the clubs. They bring to Broadway an awed feeling that there is no charge too high to be demanded in a night club. This feeling is somewhat justified by the fact that there really isn't. When a visitor and his guests rally around a smart head waiter they have about the same chance as a carload of steers leaving Texas—straight for the slaughter.

Rid a waiter of the suspicion that you're a dry agent, and he'll slip you something to drink. For a pint of Scotch, the usual merchandise, the charge is ten dollars, the quart going for double that. That is regarded as a reasonable charge, since, what with Buckner ever on the alert, the boss of the club is betting his investment, often as much as \$50,000, against a profit of about \$15 a quart.

Paying for the drinks doesn't shut off the out-of-towner's splending. He continues to buy. Let him request a special number of the band, and he'll send a sizeable banknote to the leader. He orders food in plenty, as they're weighted with ponderous appetites out in the open spaces. And he tips with dollars with the same abandon with which the good Mr. Rockefeller passes out dimes.

It is to this same out-of-towner that the high-priced



hideaways owe their prosperity. These places, buried in some dark side-street, are equipped with a bar and a small room wherein a pianist and a couple of songsters perform as they proceed from table to table. Booze is sold openly to everybody passed in by the doorman. It retails at 75 cents a drink at the bar, where the wise ones congregate, and at the tables, where the provincial parties are stationed.

Though opened all night and all day, serving a steady clientele, these places thrive principally on the institution known as the windup. That occurs along toward daylight when the far from weary rounder distorts his face into a grimace of pain at the very suggestion of bed.

There is something curiously fascinating about these places. Perhaps it brings back the days of the popular saloon when, as now, there were hillocks of free lunch piled invitingly about. The spectacle of a beautiful girl propped against the bar, her dainty, gold-slipped feet planted firmly in the sawdust while she punishes a row of stiff highballs is a sight not often vouchsafed the rollicking visitor from East Liverpool, Ohio. And there is the camaraderie of these joints, equaled nowhere else in town. It is in places like this that total strangers, warmed by the drinks, sail wildly off on these apartment house parties that last as long as the Chautauqua back home.

And there is another definite feature of the night life of Broadway—God forbid that we should forget it—and that feature is the hostess. Here is a girl for you. Hostess is a pretty name for her. The rougher term is shill, which means that she works solely for the interest of the place, and for herself. And to say that she is well fitted to the job would be to state about sixty per cent. of the truth.



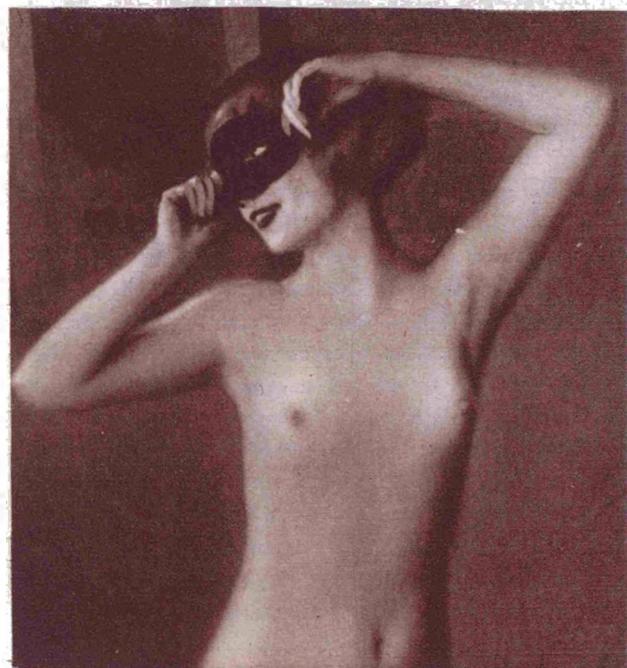
She is the little lady who makes heavy spending painless—until you wake up next morning.

This hostess gets her job because she is pretty. She is required to sit around the place until some lone wayfarer, driven by loneliness into weeping into his drink, is agreeable to the suggestion that she sit with him. He expresses his gratitude by buying her what he thinks is a highball, but which is really a "down" consisting solely of kickless ginger ale. The lady must not get cockeyed until later in the night, else she'll ball up the chances of cleaning up on the cluck. And then where would she be?

As a rule, hostesses content themselves with a mere 25 per cent. of the cluck's payments. But, if a good clear opportunity offers, they'll make arrangements with him to party outside, with a definite understanding as how much it will advantage them in a cash way. Nice girls, these hostesses. They're the sort who do a little quick work with a pencil to find out how much they can get on the cluck's clothes.

The hostess idea began as a courtesy. The girls, when the practise was first inaugurated in the better places on Broadway, never crashed a table. They waited patiently until they were invited to join a party, though it is true that they never had long to wait, and thus had no valid excuse for hurrying things. But in some of the lesser joints—that's where they go to work on the patrons with hardware.

There is a notorious place in 49th street, which turns into a booze bazaar after 11 p. m., masquerading by day as a respectable tea room. At 11 several girls arrive and lay in wait for the suckers. A patron enters, perhaps with a friend. After he is graciously greeted by the head hostess,



he wonders mildly whether it will be possible to get a drink. Drink? Certainly, the hostess assures him and, so saying, seats herself at his table and cuts in on his bankroll. Not content with that damage, she develops the opinion that the buyer would rather that Ruth, say, occupy her chair.

The buyer, somewhat surprised, protests that he doesn't know Ruth. What? Doesn't know Ruth? So Ruth is called and she, too, leans up against a drink at the cluck's cost. Ruth remembers Tessie, and Tessie, Clara, and by the time the hapless customer has encircled his small portion of gin it has cost him about \$8. As observed above, a nice crowd of girls.

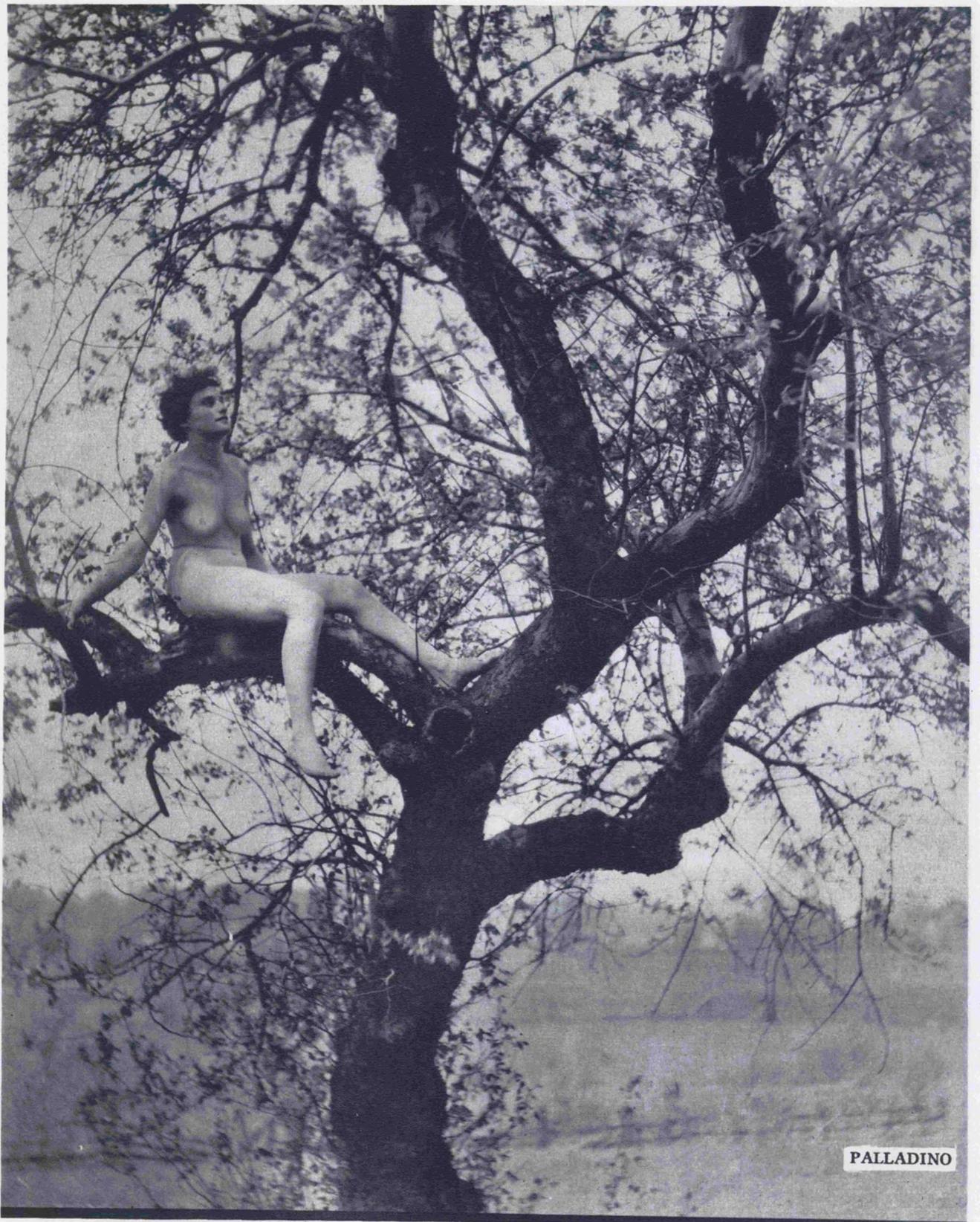
Something about night clubs about which even the most incorrigible club knows very little is, how they are operated behind the scenes. Indeed, even some of the club owners are ignorant of these matters. In support of which statement, witness the failure of clubs which, as viewed from the outside, had everything—good location, good show, courteous waiters, in fact, everything but customers. Why?

The answer is: the vicious circle. When a club opens for business several suave gentlemen approach the boss and inquire gently what arrangements he has made to assuage the lingering thirst of Broadway. In case the boss happens to be a law-abiding creature and reports an intention to retail no hilarious water, the gentlemen withdraw and assure each other that it will be pleasant to watch the little club die like an outcast. Very often, their predictions are accurate. Less often, they are not.

But if the new clubman confesses that the young Mr. Shapiro has undertaken to supply the bottled gayety, the chances are that, unless Mr. Shapiro is associated in a merchandising way with the callers, rough times are in store for Broadway's newest business man. He will find that his liquor deliveries, from time to time, don't arrive, and that visits of persons attached to various constabularies are of annoying frequency. Yes, he would do well to talk business with an established firm and the sooner he does the more tranquil becomes his life as an entertainer of the public. It is just as well to skip lightly over this phase of club operation.

Thus Broadway. A noisy, awkward, often false and ever feverish stretch of thoroughfare. It is overlaid with bunk, with here and there a green patch of genuineness. From its shrieks emerges an unmistakable overtone which may be fitted with the words, "I am here today and gone tomorrow." That's night life for you, and everybody is invited to take it or leave it.





The wood dryad in her retreat. A composition by Palladino at his best, with emphasis of the foreground in direct contrast to the cloudy effect of the background.

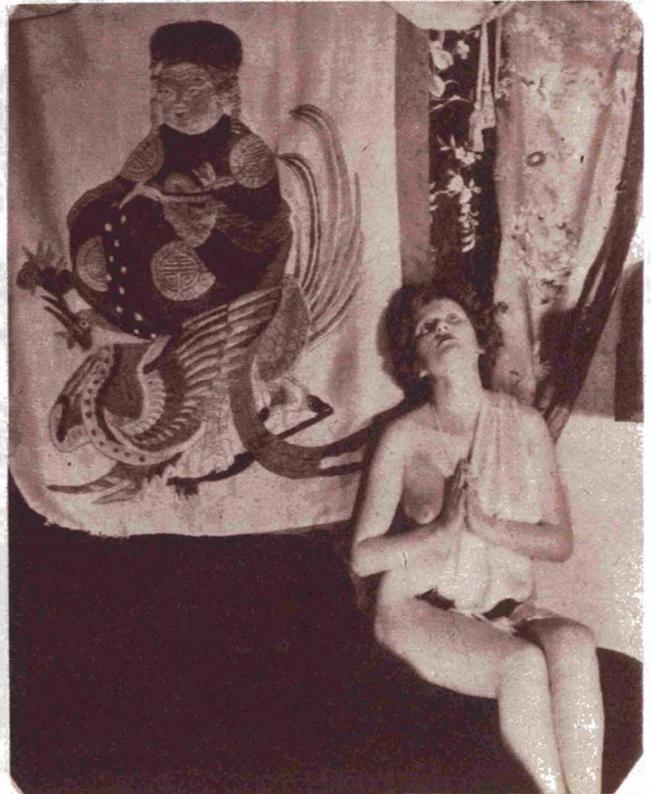


Bobby



GREENWICH was at its greenest when Bobby blew into the Village. The moralists said "The wicked flourished like a green bay tree"—and Bobby was one of the brightest blossoms thereon—provided the aforesaid green bay tree has any blossoms. Anyway, Bobby was like a little scarlet hibiscus grafted on the village. Grafted is right. Beyond her own shapely underpinning she had no visible means of support. Like the famous lilies of the field she "toiled not, neither did she spin"—except in the dance. She danced like a sylph—with the graceful abandon of a child—just for the fun of it. She could step out on any cabaret floor with a picked-up partner and "stop the show." But any suggestion that she turn this natural talent into dollars—"go into the chorus" and earn a living from what was her own spontaneous form of expression. No! Like the celebrated Spanish dancer, Carmencita, she followed her own methods. All she wanted was good music and a smooth floor. A partner was often a necessary nuisance—but Bobby could dance with anybody—and even make a fat man with two left feet believe that he was a Maurice: Accordingly Bobby obeyed the Biblical injunction: "Take no thought for the morrow—what ye shall eat or wherewithal ye shall be clothed." Butter-and-egg men gladly provided the provender, while lingerie salesmen and junior partners in cloak and suit houses saw to it that Bobby was appareled for the balls. And proud was the partner who escorted Bobby to Webster Hall and had first call on her dance card. She could dance all night and bob up bright as a dollar the next evening. Bobby would drink anything potable—but nobody ever saw her the worse for it. She "chased the hours with flying feet"—and alcohol

simply served to keep up her spirits. About this time the late "Baldy" Sloan, who was a great dancer as well as a composer, took Bobby under his tuition and started to teach her stage dancing. She learned with ease any steps



Paris Nites
in
Greenwich Village

or figures—but Bobby simply would not submit to routine. Rehearsals bored her stiff—and as for performing the same steps night after night—that spoiled all the fun and made it just work. So she quit the stage—and would never go back. Her only other means of making a livelihood was posing for artists—and in that she was just as unruly. She never kept an appointment—unless she happened to feel like it. She had no regular rates or hours—accepting whatever was given her, like a child; and if she liked an artist she would cheerfully pose for nothing. If she didn't—well, she would simply walk out on a picture—and never come back to finish it. But always she was the spirit of care-free, dancing, laughing and loving youthfulness! Now, according to all the moralists Bobby should have gone to the dogs. But she didn't. Bobby met her mate eventually—just as naturally and inevitably as Nature intended. *Contrary to all the rules and regulations she settled down into a model housekeeper! Her bobbed head is held as high—her eye as bright, and her step as light as when she was the belle of the ball night after night. Anybody who wants a moral may draw it.*



A corner of a Greenwich Village Studio with Graceful Models in a Receptive Pose.

AMEND HIS FACE

Sam was wont to brag about his never-failing manner of ruling his household. To a friend of his, he said: "When Ah lays down de law, dat Liza shuah knows ernuff to step high, wide an' handsome!"

A day or two later, his friend again met him on the street and was surprised to see the "ruler of women" in a most dilapidated condition. He was carrying his one arm in a sling, there was a bandage on his head, and he walked with a cane.

"Huh!" grinned the friend. "How come? Ah thot yoh-all laid down de law in yoh house!"

"Niggah," said Sam in tones of offended dignity, "dey nevah was a law dat didn't requiah a occasional amendment!"

JUST A PARSON'S WARNING

The story is told of a Reverend Plushbottom who set out to convert the sinful members of his community by the power of sacred song. One evening he invited all the sinners in the congregation to declare themselves and confess their sins. They did so, and the dark pilot of the skies found before him Mose, an inveterate crap shooter and chicken thief, M'lindy, who was another good gal gone wrong, 'Rastus, who had a fondness for other men's wives, and half a dozen others of like repute. While they bowed their heads before him, the colored parson sang the following chorus:

*"Dey ain' gwine put no laurel wreath on yoh haid,
Yoh ain' nebbah gwine to hebben when yoh's daid.
Now mebbe yoh gwine be much surprised,
But yoh ain' gwine hab no paradise—
Dey's gwine to put yoh shubbelin' coal instead.
Dey ain' gwine put no golden crown on yoh haid,
Yoh ain' gwine hab no throne when yoh is daid.
Dey ain' got haloes big enough dere
To fit de size ob a hat yoh wear,
Dey gwine put a ring ob fire on yoh instead!"*

SHO' NUFF

Mose aspired to be a railroad man. Finally he obtained a job as fireman and was given a run on Yazoo railroad. On his very first trip, something went wrong with the engine, and the train was delayed while the trainmen attempted to make repairs. The brakeman tried to fix it, and the engineer loaned all his knowledge and skill, but to no avail—the engine refused to budge. Mose, desiring to be of help however small the service, cupped his hands together and yelled to an old farmer driving along the road:

"Hey yoh! Am yoh-all got a piece ob string in yoh pocket? Dis yeah engine done bus' down."



THE sheriff has notified me that there's a tax of one dollar on my wife. There is also a penalty of a dollar and thirteen cents.

That is the limit of human endurance. I don't mind paying taxes on my wife, the same as on my other chattels, but to be penalized for owning a wife! That is entirely too much.

Now, what is a fellow going to do? According to the law of this state the sheriff can levy on the property and sell it at public auction. Would it be cheaper to let him levy on her, then bid her in at the sale, or might not some old near-sighted bachelor run her up on me? Perhaps I'd better just pay the tax and be done with it. She's already cost me two dollars and fifty cents for the license—yes, and by golly, I paid the parson five dollars for tying us together. The parson was a married man, and now I know why he wished me good luck. He knew I was young and didn't know anything about married strife.

But to return to my story. If I could bid the wife in—for say fifty cents—at the sale, I would be some money

ahead—that is, if I could get clear title. I suppose the sheriff gives a quit-claim deed in a case of that kind. But, supposing she sold for fifty cents, would I still be liable for the balance of the two dollars and thirteen cents? If so, then I better pay the tax and penalty and charge it to experience account.

Now I wonder did they tax the women in Solomon's time? Did Brigham Young ever have to wrestle with a question like that?

Of course there's a tax of five dollars on my dog, but then the dog is worth it. Now if the law was different, say they allowed you a year's trial, you could annex a wife just after the assessor had been around and turn her back just before time to pay the taxes. That would be easy.

But this darned penalty! I think I must appeal to the president. He's a married man, and he ought to be able to help a fellow out. Maybe there's some way to dodge the blooming taxes and penalties.

Well, I will leave it to you. Please answer in the next issue of the Weekly Disgust.



Mummers

*Life is but a masquerade,
We say "no" when we mean "yes"
Mask our sadness with a smile
And sigh for more when we take less.*



The Faybelle of Maybelle

NUMEROUS and Naughty were the occasions when Maybelle Made Merry with the Soulful Suburban Swains. Promiscuously though Cautiously—to the divers Joys and Sorrows—to the Ardent Anticipations and the Dark Disappointments thereof.

But Hark Ye! No Bobber had yet Whacked his Weary Way through the Fleecy Fuzz on her Blonde Bean. Verily, Verily, her Noodle was Noticeably Natural and Uncissored.

But Alas, the Burbbling Beaus of Boobville became Dull and Drab. Most Unappetizing as it were.

Smitten with Success in her Village Vastness the Boobville Belle sought New Worlds to Conquer.

Verily, Marcelous Maybelle was full of Vim and Vigor and a Red Hot Desire for Conquest.

Where to go? Ah! The City! What to do? Ah! The Dollies! Surely no Komical Komedy King would overlook her. Verily, no Show-making Sultan could resist Grabbing such a Precious Package of Made-to-Measure Maiden for his Humming Harem.

Forthwith the Entrancing Ex-Empress of the Village and Vicinity took the Dollies Devotees even as an Under-sweetened Urchin pilfers his Shingled Sisters Candy.

Yea, even as the Wayward Women of the Refrain take Diamond Dangles from the Burly Business-men.

She was immediately a Sizzling Success even to the most Feeble Fellow lingering at the Stage Gate connected thereunto.

Yea, Verily, Posies and Prunes by the Georgeous Gallions were Flung at her by both the Youthful and Ancient Carefree Custodians of the Preferred Peanut sections.

Even so, being Purely a Business Beauty she forthwith opened a Plucked Prune and Posy Parlor on the Avenue and the Bud Business was Blooming.

But lo, ere long the Sweet-Smelling Baits of one Philanthropic, Philandering Pursuer stood out from those of the Mad Mediocre Mob even as a Bulging Boil stands forth upon the Nasal Nob of any Handsome Hebrew.

Yea, his Flung Floral Contributions were easily the Matronly Maidens Mustache.

Then, too, occasionally if not more often, Cuddled and Caressed by the Bursting Buds there reclined some insignificant Be-jewelled and Be-plantinumed Trinket worth easily a Bulging Bundle of Bozaks or more.

Magnificent Maybelle thereupon sought the Identity of the Wilting Waster and became duly Enlightened and Enthused for lo, the Rollicking Rowdy was none other than the Gay Givem Gobsocoin, only Male Offspring and Everlastingly Embalmed Heir of the Billionaire Bunktown Street-car Conductor, Grabbedoff Gobsocoin.

Quite well then could the Gracious Givem afford to Fling his Flocks of Wild Oatmeal and render the Delightful Distribution of Armsfull of Shiny Shekels and Clanking Coppers.

Came a day, however, one fine afternoon in the Deepening Dusk of Midnight when the Longing Loafer was to be Teasing! Tantalized no longer.

Consequently he Coaxed his Chugging Chariot to the exact spot whence the Blushing Blonde wouldst come Stumbling from the Dispensing of her Doleless Ditties and the Spicy Spectacle of One-piece Ankle Adornments.

And lo, the Shiny-haired Sheik knew his Cultivated Carrots.

The Shimmying Sheba hesitated not. With her Shapely Self Stacked upon the Puffy Pillows she Chortled Contentedly to the Tune of the Throbbing Toboggan.

Verily, verily the Artful Adam suggested a Flit to the Obscure, Out-of-the-Ordinary Oasis known as the Do-Crawl-Inn-and-Stagger-Out and the Affirming Answer from the Dazzling Damsel was most Instantaneous.

Surely this was the Beginning of a Thrilling Tryst for were they not duly ushered to a Secluded, Seductive Spot? They were! Just He and She! Ah, Life was Sweet and Sunshiny. Could a Palpitating Pair seek more? Not at that moment.

He gazed Rapturously into her Languid Lavender Lamps. Truly he had never been so Successfully Smitten.

Verily, verily, and those Heavenly Headlights were not even One-Half of One Per Cent of her Artistic Attractions.

Ah yes, Much More than Mere Map Meandering was there to be desired. If only he might Hold one of her Superb Sandwich Seizers for a Tiny Tick-tock or Two.

Thereupon he did just that!

But lo, Willie the Waffle-Wielder, alias Hallie the Hi-ball-Hurler approached noiselessly. Yea Stealthily.

"Ah! Holding Hands. Um—a Death Grip. Ah yes, even as a Drowning Deep-sea Sailor Grasps Gropingly for a Billow Beetle's Brow."

"Ahem—Your Pardon Please. You wished——"

"Yeah," Gaspd the Goofy Grape-juice Guzzler thrusting a Painted Program at the Deliberating Damsel.

And lo, the Village Virgin quoth, "Bring me—I would like—well—uhuh—I'll have a nice big Raspberry Sundae and—Put some Hickory Nuts on it please."

Crashing Catastrophe and the Ambling Ambulance for the Gaffless Givem!

MORAL — When Rustic Originality scores a Knockout 'tis Folly to be City-bred.



DAT'S EASY

"Mandy," said the mistress who had just finished enjoying some of her new cook's pastries, "How do you manage to get your pies so neatly crimped?"

"Oh, dat's easy, ma'am. Ah jest uses ma false teeth."

MUFFLING THE CAT'S MEOW

Brown had arrived home late from the office and had a perfectly good explanation to offer, but his wife gave him no opportunity and started in to tick him off straight away. He quietly endured it all the evening while he tried to read his paper. They went to bed and she continued talking. When he was almost asleep he could still hear her nagging him but he finally dropped off to sleep. A couple of hours later he woke to hear his wife rework: "Your behaviour is an outrage!" "Louie," said Brown, "are you talking again—or still?"

NOT A JENNY

Sam Jones once became very ill. The only practitioner available in Catfishtown was a veterinarian, and he diagnosed Sam's ailment as a case of foundering.

"Founderin'!" grunted Sam. "Sho, nobuddy ebah heered ob anybuddy founderin' 'ceptin' hosses an' jack-asses."

"Dat am so, Sambo," agreed the veterinarian. "An' we-all know dat yoh ain't no hoss!"



This should be in Greenwich Village but it isn't. It is painted backs, latest movie wrinkle with Jack Mulhall as the artist and Consuelo Kalen the living background in this scene from "The Far Cry."



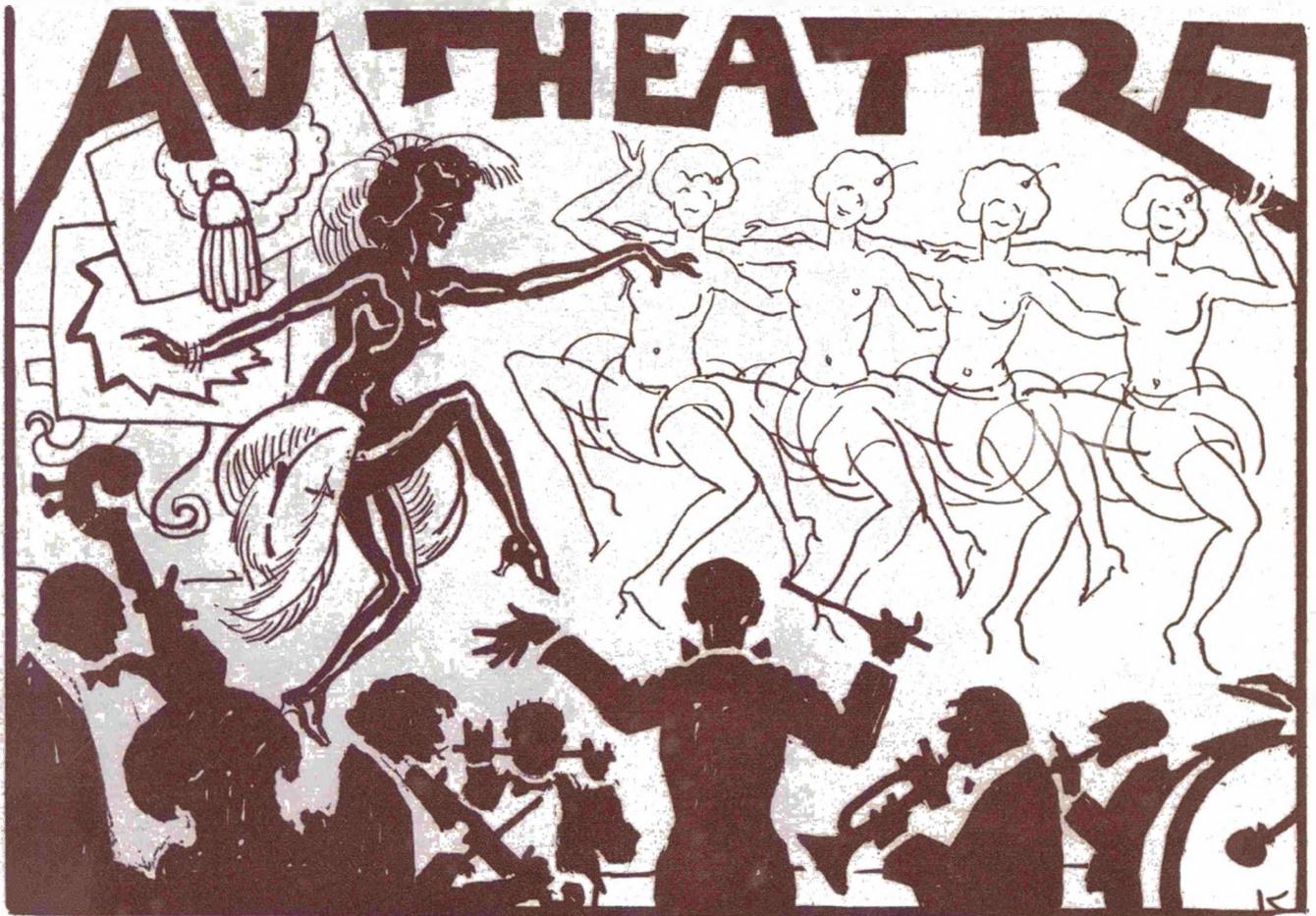
Reflections. The seven Pleiades were nymphs of Diana and hunted with her. This study might well be one of the nymphs who had wandered to bathe in a sylvan pool.

Palladino



The Snake Charmer. Artful lighting and intelligent retouching combine in making this pose effective. To the layman it is almost impossible to conceive that the snake has been drawn by hand after the study was snapped. The model is Patricia Cairn of "A Night in Paris."

DE MIRJIAN



Sometimes the Bal de l'Internat used a theatre for its hall.

The Bal de L'Internat

RALPH NEVILLE, author of "Mayfair and Montmartre," writing of "Paris of Today," says: "At Bullier in 1893 took place the first of medical students' balls—the Bal de l'Internat which, as the years wore on, became something like the more celebrated Bal des Quat-z-Arts.

"The annual Bal de l'Internat is usually as hilarious and festive as anything which the artists can show. Fancy dress is obligatory, although there is not the artistically rigid consistency with which the Bal des Quat-z-Arts each year admits only costumes of a chosen period. The date of this ball coincides with the examination by which an *extreme*, or unqualified medical student, becomes an *interne*, or half-qualified practitioner within the hospital. Although much of the exuberance is purely Gallic in character and likely to shock English taste, and some of the humorous devices very *macabre* to anyone but French medical students, the whole thing generally abounds with original and clever ideas.

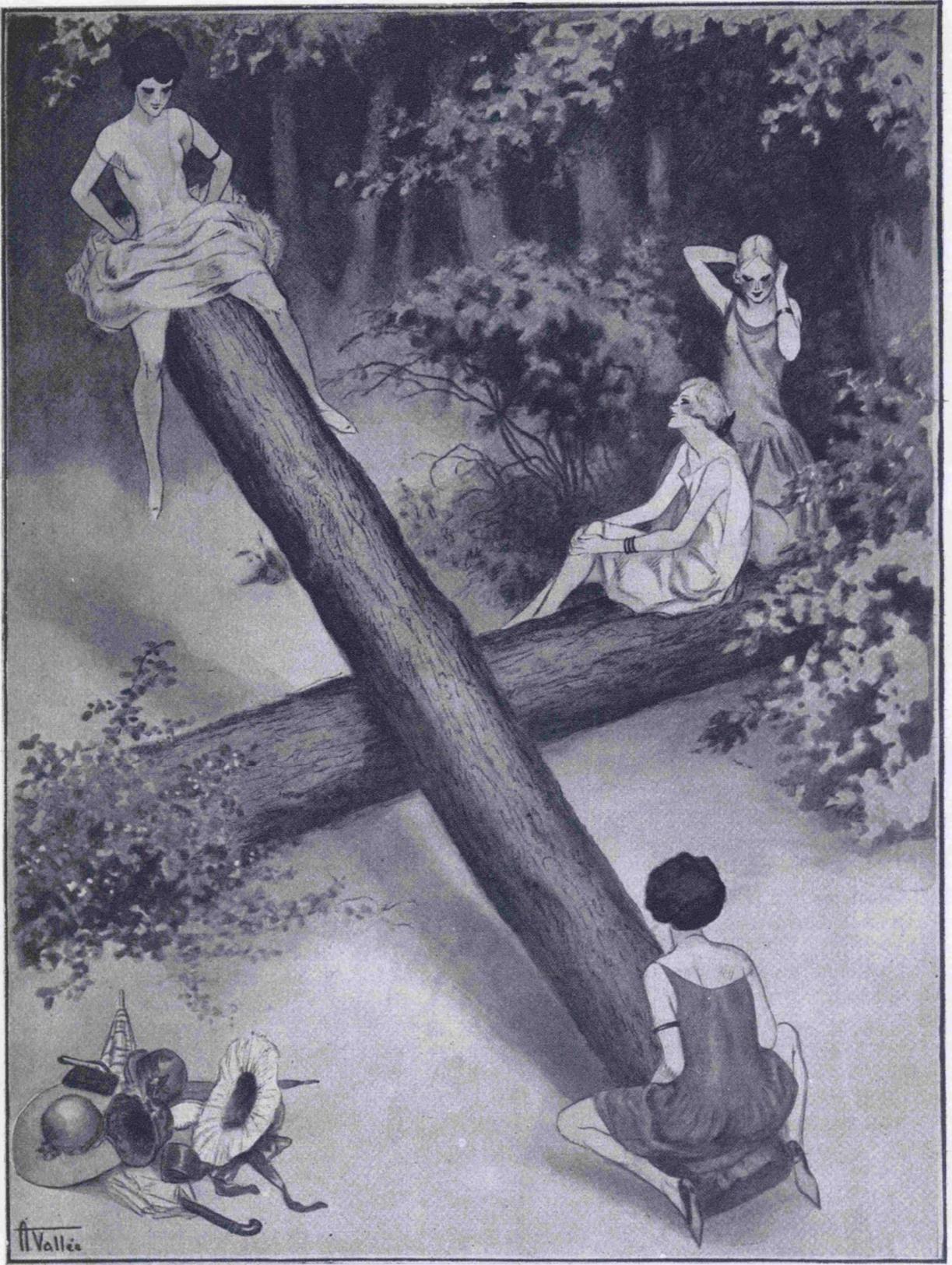
"The processions, organized by various bands of budding young medicos, are often very original in character. One of the best of these—which gained a prize in 1911)

—was that of the Hotel Dieu—a cortege entitled "The pacific and anti-typhique penetration of Morocco."

"A feature of these balls has always been the variety of costume worn by the ladies, most of whom have no scruples about throwing off superfluous portions of their attire as the night wears on. The fact that proceedings at these balls are generally rather wild in no way influences the after life of the medical students by whom they are organized, and who, in due course, become sober medical men and staid fathers of families.

"Bullier, of course, has not always been the scene of the Bal de l'Internat, which has at various times been given at the Moulin Rouge, the Tivoli and the Skating Rink of the Rue d'Amsterdam; still Bullier remains the favorite place, on account of its close and traditional connection with the Quartier Latin.

"No tourists or casual visitors, it may be added, are ever admitted to these or other characteristic student balls. And a good thing, too, when one thinks of the howling set up by Anglo-Saxon middle-class prudes at anything out of consonance with the social cowardice which they mis-name morality."



SEE-SAW

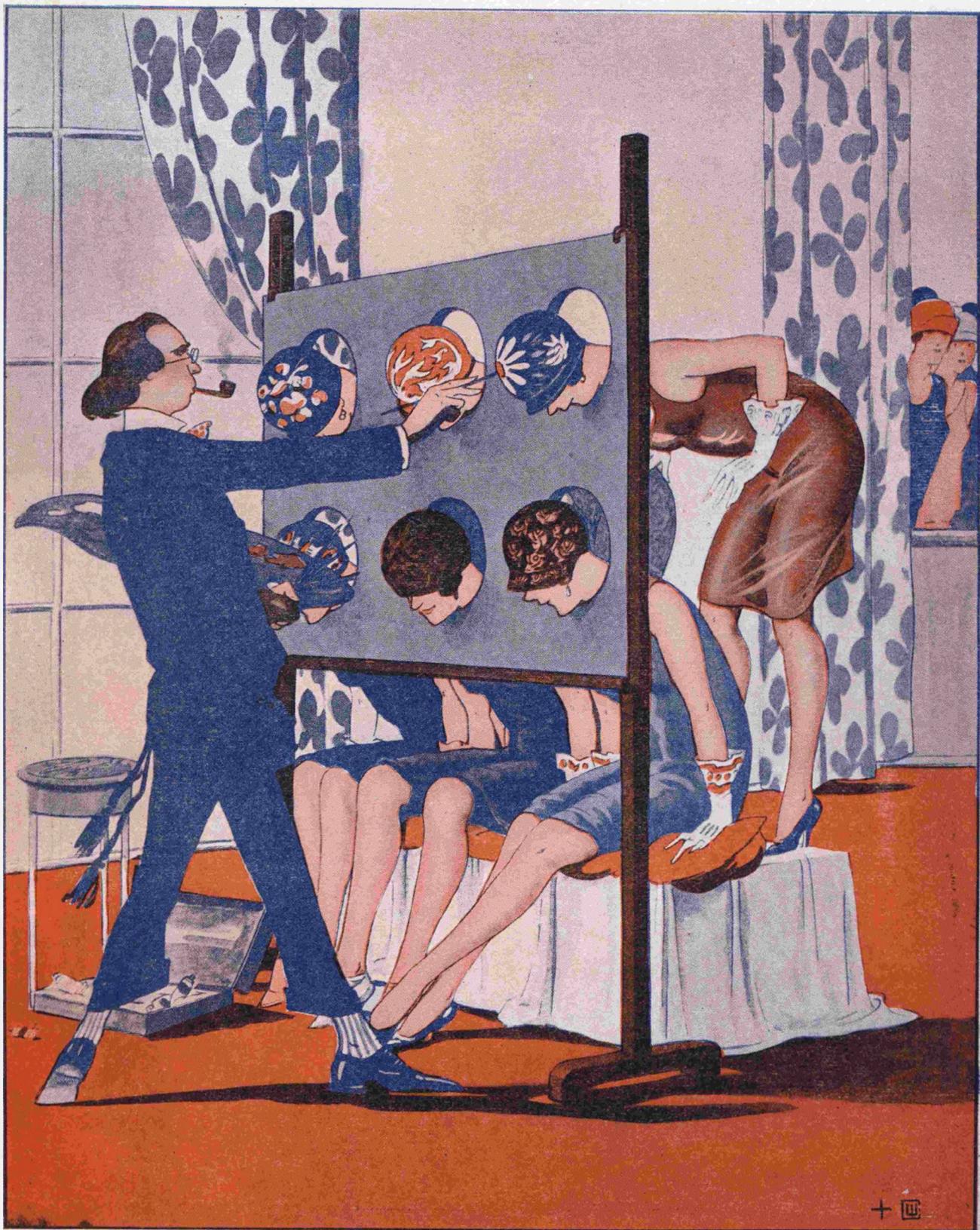
Up so high and down so low
That's the way the fashions go.



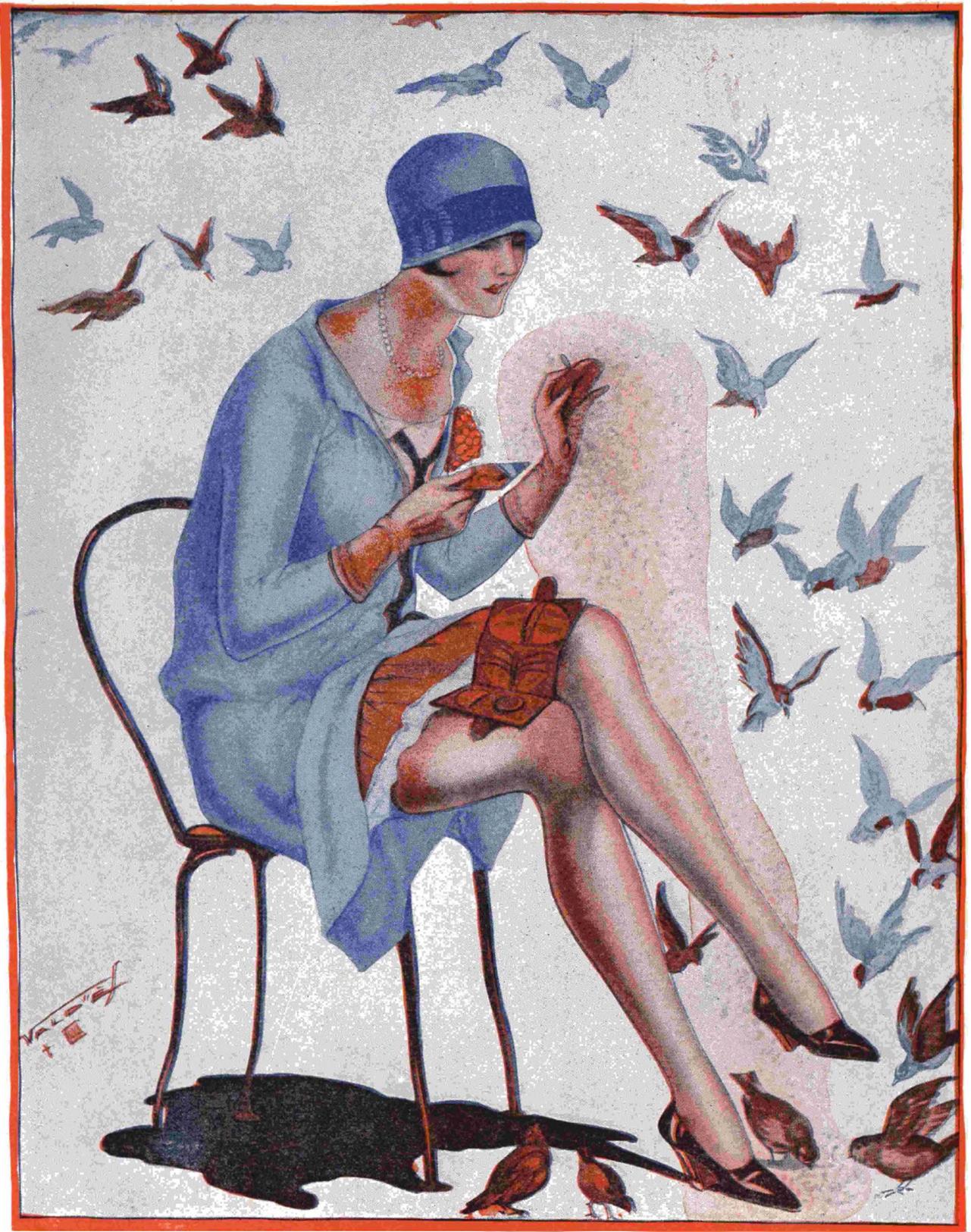
Scene from Earl Carroll's "Vanities."

DE MIRJIAN.

*Must Be a Warm Climate for an Ice-Box So
Close to the Lady of the Theatre.*



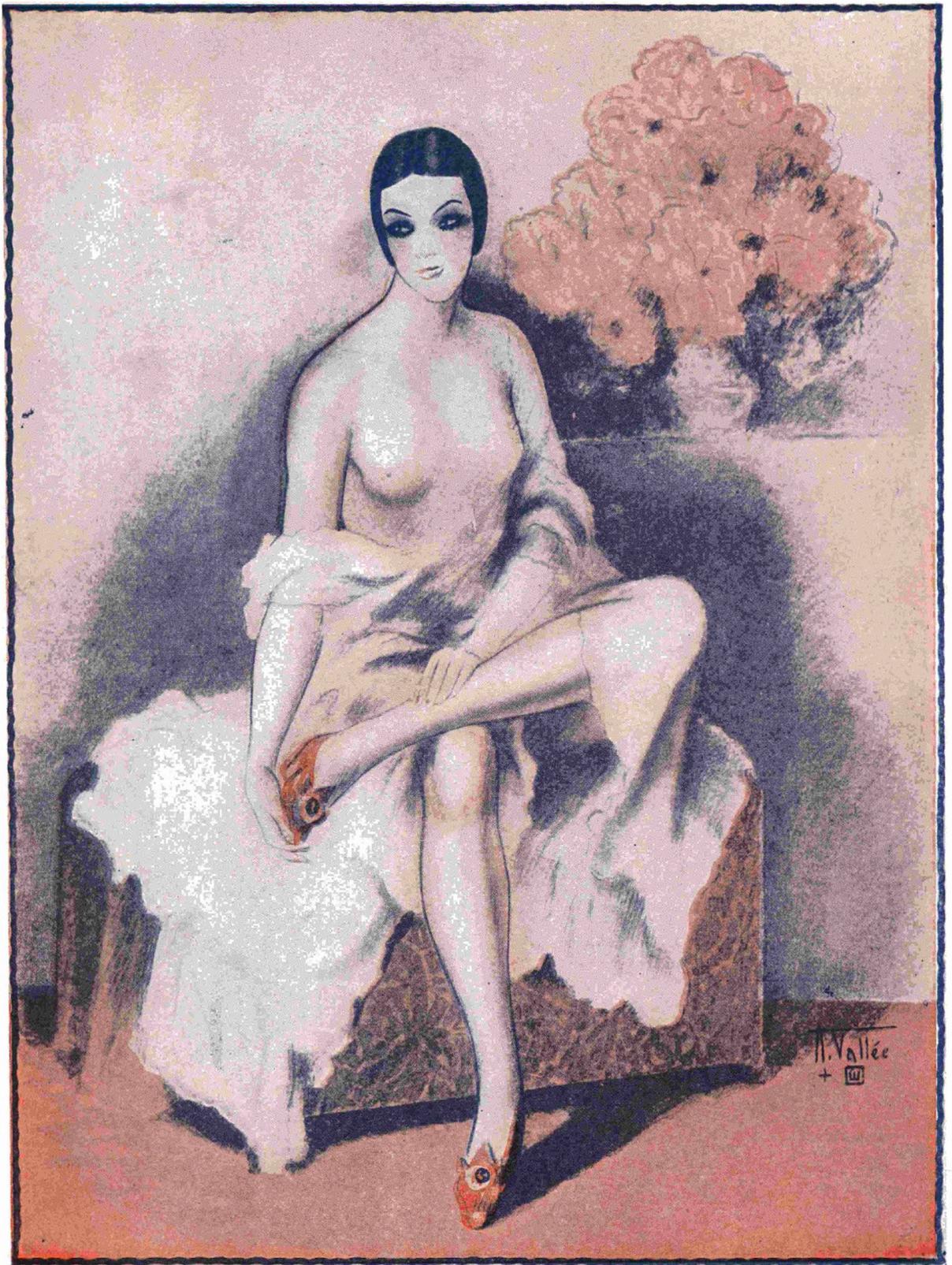
ARTIST-CREATOR OF HAND-PAINTED HATS DOES HIS STUFF



A BIRDSEYE VIEW

Birdies do not be deceived,
Nature only jests.

You should look for other limbs,
When you'd build your nests,



HOT PUPPIES AFTER THE DANCE

They said as a dancer
He surely was fine.

He was light on his feet,
But sure heavy on mine.



MARE OR MAID

Pounding hoofs, the home-stretch dash,
Men are betting all their cash.

Matchless grace, a priceless thrill,
Some stand to win, some take a spill.



KISSOLOGY

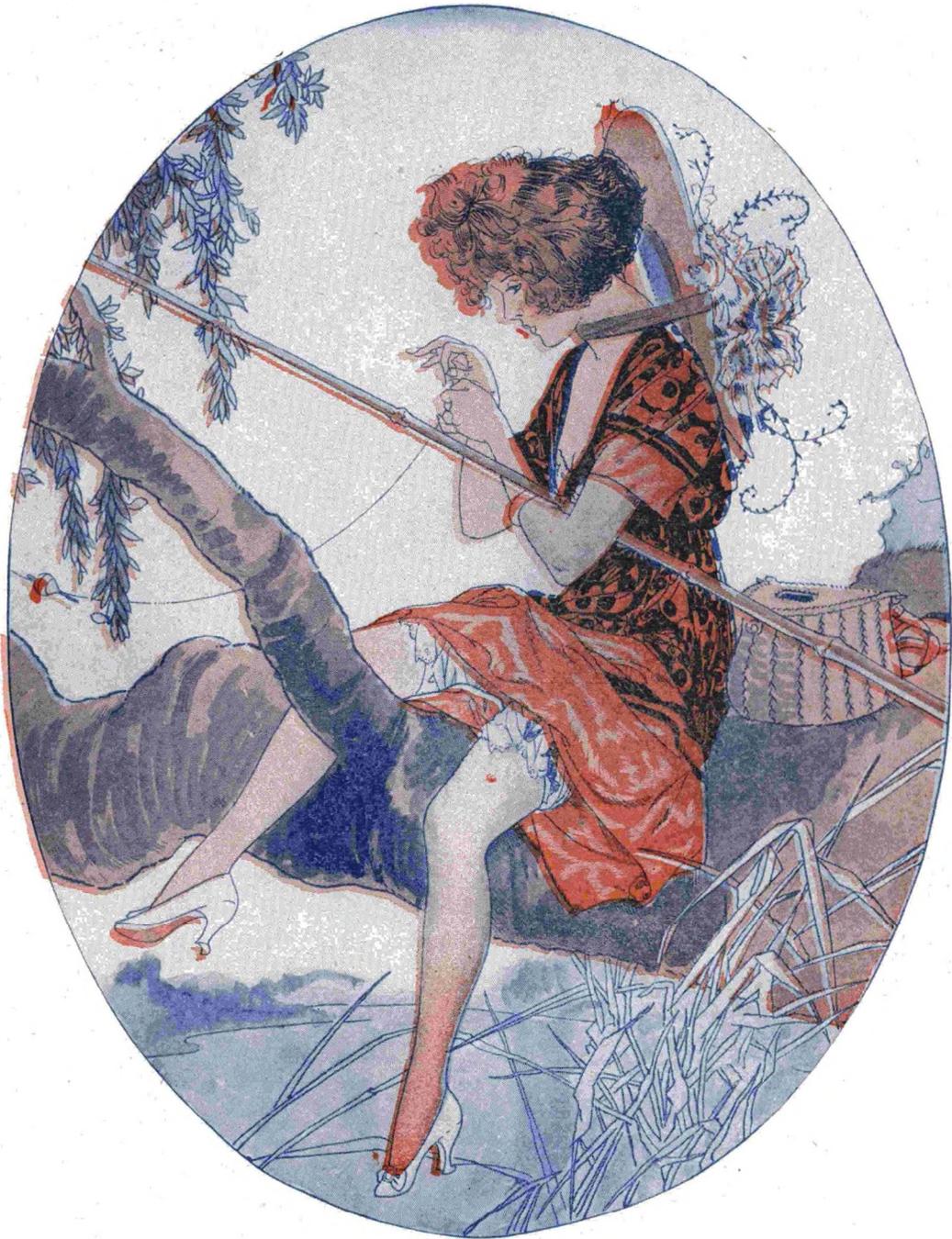
In the mathematical term it is this,
Nothing divided by two is a kiss,

But it's just the same and lots more fun,
To get the answer by one plus one.



MONKEY BUSINESS

If it is all well enough to claim that Man descended from the Monkey or vice versa as the new theory puts it but as far as the "female of the species" is concerned there always has been and always will be plenty of Monkey Business. They invariably "ape" one another, chatter constantly, are full of tricks and are continually looking one another over in hopes of getting something on them. A woman delights in making a monkey of a man even though she has to keep feeding him peanuts in order to keep up the deception. Most monkeys carry tails but women who carry tales are best not to be monkeyed with. Yea, bo, if you want to thrive in the jungle nowadays, you've got to know your cocoanuts.



ANOTHER LINE OF ENDEAVOR

MILADY angles earnestly in the Stream of Life wherein the Poor Fish swim madly around in Circles, snapping greedily at baited hooks and struggling foolishly when they are caught. She is angling for a Husband and when she has succeeded in hooking one she will either keep him in a pretty glass bowl on display or fry him in a pan. Poor Fish!! But the tempting bait that the fair anglers offer is hard to refuse even though we realize full well that a cruel barb lurks just below the surface. Lucky, indeed, the wise old fish who is adept at taking the bait and avoiding the hook.



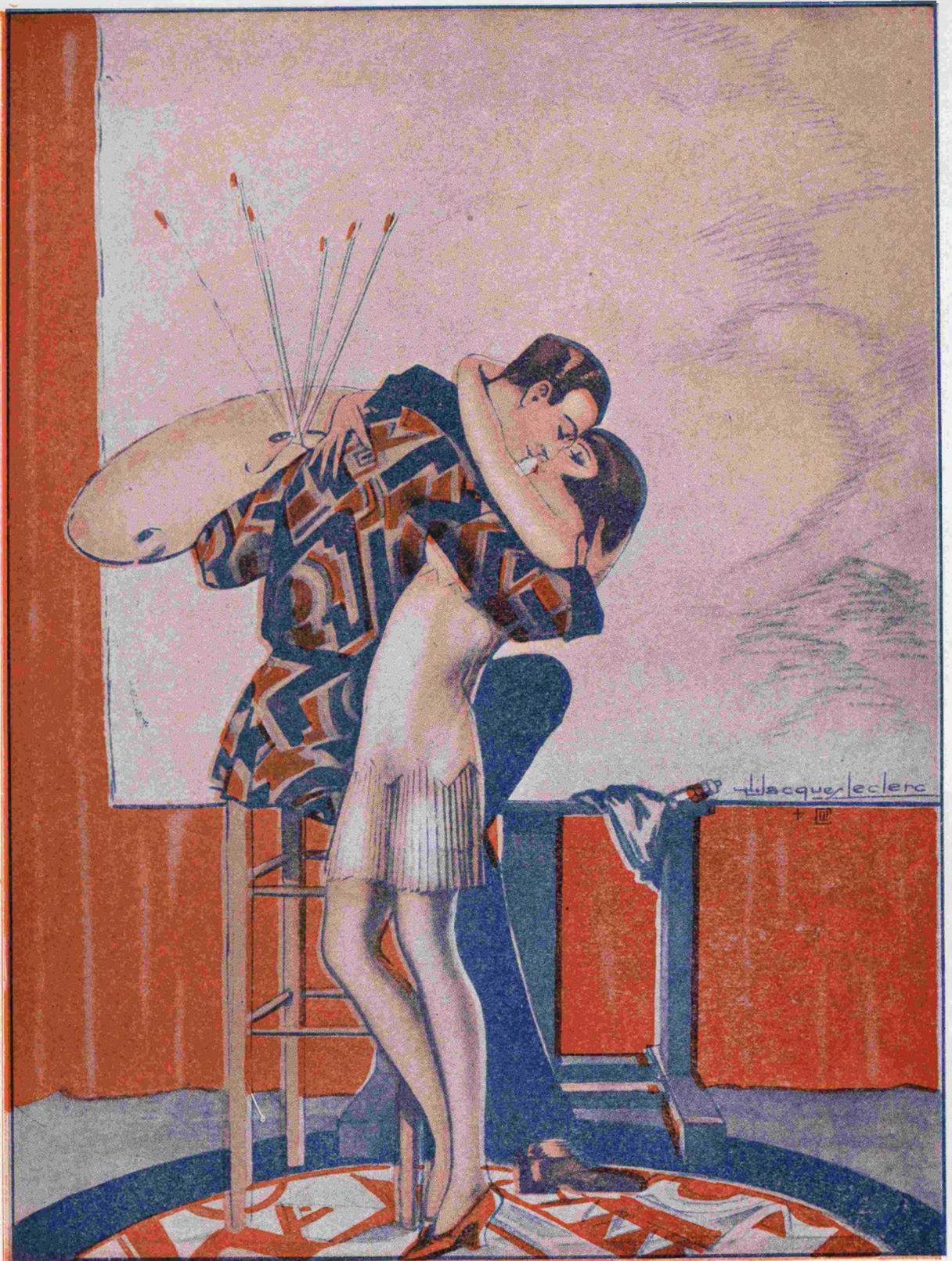
THE FASHION CENSOR ON FIGURES

“Humph! That’s indecent as a negligé, but it ought to do alright for a street costume.



MAMMA SPANK!

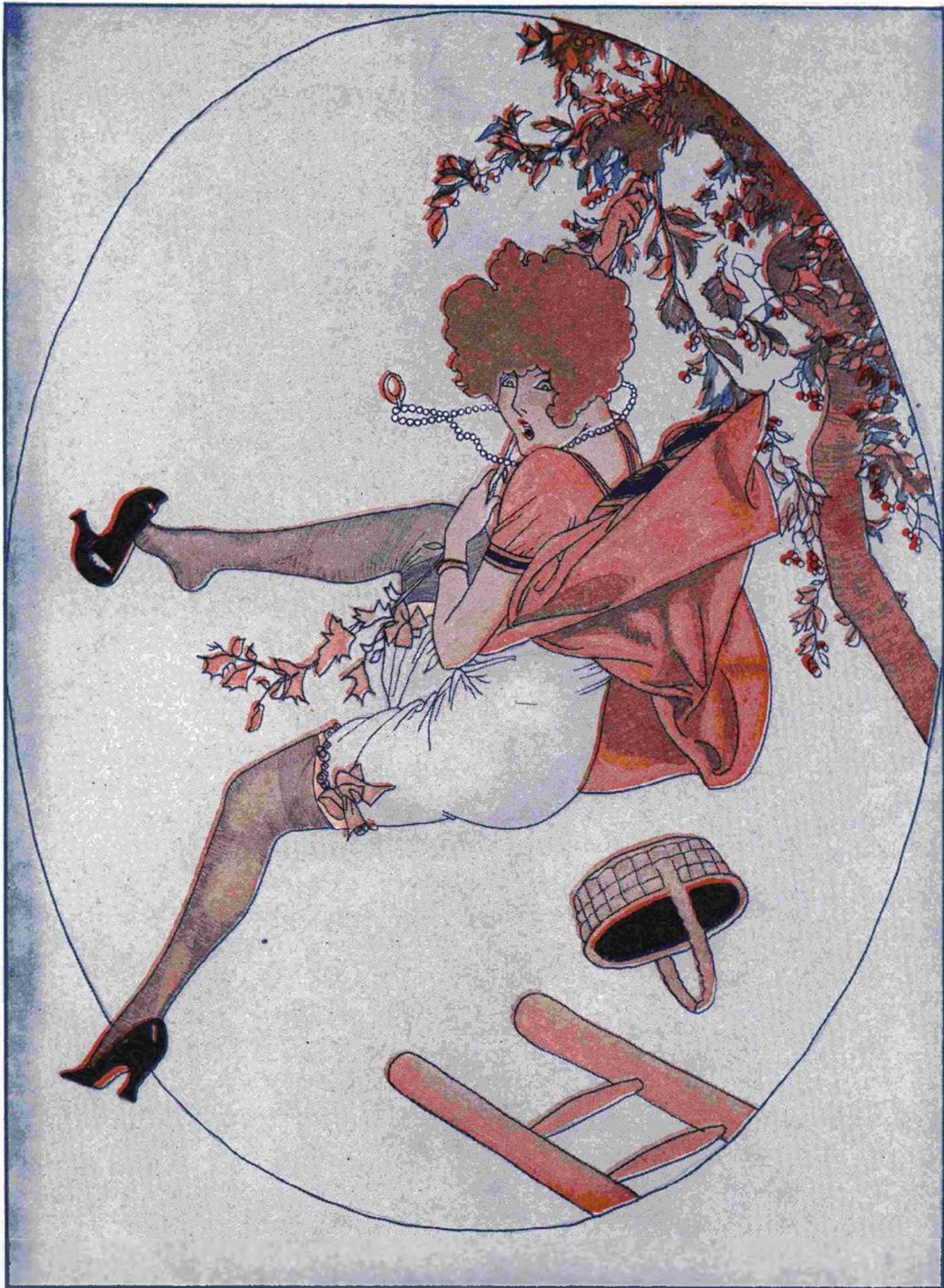
Cupid went a-huntin',
It was kinda dark,
Cupid shot an arrow,
But must have missed his mark.
The lady grabbed him by the arm,
And 'cross her knee she yanked him,
And though he hollered like the deuce,
She turned him up and spanked him.



THE ARTIST'S REWARD

A touch of inspiration in the studio
That makes art worth while,

A warm caress, a thrilling kiss,
Encouragement in her smile.



CHERRY-TIME

CHERRIES ripe,
On the tree,
Oh so tempting,
Tempting me.

Then the limb,
Where I perch,
Starts to crack,
Gives a lurch.

Up I climb,
Mouth all set,
Want to eat,
All I can get.

Crash, it breaks!
Down I fall,
On the ground,
I do sprawl.

One I eat,
Two I eat,
They're so juicy
Big and sweet.

Cherries sweet,
In the tree,
Laughingly look,
Down on me.



BURLESQUE ORIENTAL

AIR heavy with burning incense and the cloying scents of nameless perfumes. Flickering oil-lamps strive feebly to penetrate the pulsing shadows. The hypnotic rhythm of goat-skin drums and the seductive refrain of reed pipes steal into your very brain, lulling bewildered senses into a pleasant drowsy stupor. As in a dream, you behold a lovely female form glide into the cleared space before you. Languorous eyes signal through the gloom. A shapely body slowly sways into the measures of a sinuous, mesmerizing dance. She writhes and postures to the bewitching cadence of the throbbing music, every movement of her supple body with the lure of her sex. The spell of the East is upon you! Entranced, she speaks volumes in one of the old languages of the world.

To
Her
Photograph

A SERENELY smiling
likeness of the dam-
sel I adore

Deign to answer certain
questions which perplex
me, I implore,

While I pour you out liba-
tions of sweet sacramen-
tal wine

And offer up the incense of
tobacco at your shrine.

You dominate my chamber
like a sweetly gracious
queen—

But would your fair original
look kindly on the scene?

Would she tolerate the odor
from a black and battered
pipe

Which from years of steady
smoking has a flavor over-
ripe?

Would her eyes serene as
yours regard the pictures
on the wall—

Mostly photographs of ac-
tresses—in no attire at all

Or the poems and the no-
vels in the bookcase over
there

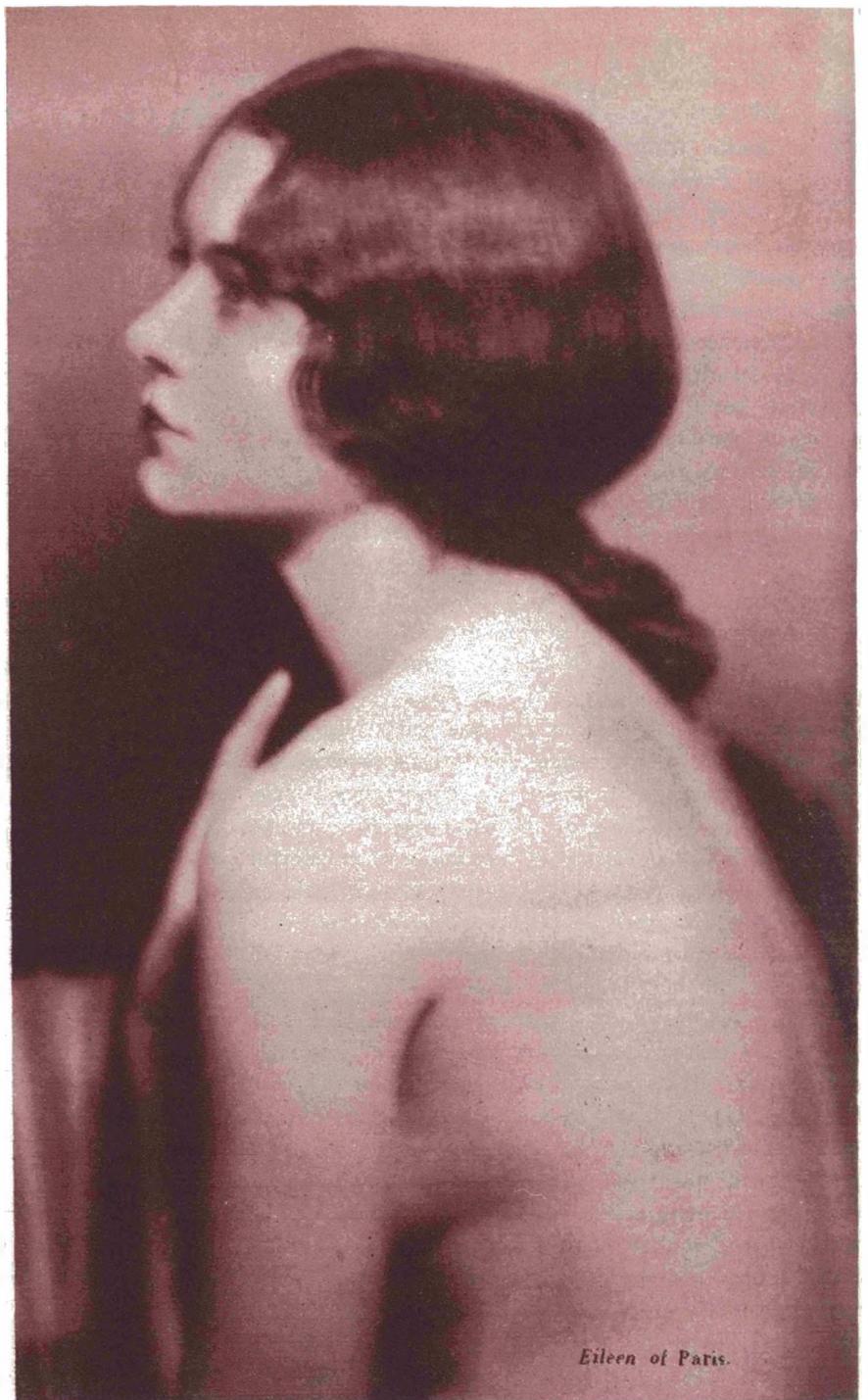
Labelled Zola, Daudet, Tol-
stoi—Dumas fils and Bau-
delaire?

Would she glance into my
closet unconcernedly as
yourself

At the rows of empty bottles
that repose upon the
shelf?

Do you think a human wo-
man could successfully
ignore

The old shoes and caps and
neckties scattered round
upon the floor?



Eileen of Paris.

And still more particularly,
O pictured saint, I pray
Would your namesake smile
upon me in my easy negli-
gee?

Or must I when I take your
fair original to wife
Bid farewell to all the com-
forts of my solitary life?

But the picture, sweetly
smiling, silent sits upon
the shelf—

And I rather guess I'll have
to find those things out for
myself!

—Willard Holcomb.

LITTLE Gwennie Carney hailed from the tall grass of Texas. Gwennie, blonde, pretty and ambitious, had tried her hand and figure at nearly every possible job in the show shop and consequently was overflowing with experience when Mother Opportunity knocked and Ike Schuman had given her a contract that made her one of the four and twenty languorous flowers that were to bloom at his new Algerian Gardens on Forty-Fifth Street.

As a Schuman *revue* girl Gwennie made friends, enemies and sixty dollars a week steadily. The end of her first season at the Gardens found her sharing a small apartment with Irma Hayes, addressing most of the headwaiters along the Alley as "Gus" or "Fitz" or whatever their first names happened to be. She had a number of innumerable Johns—telephone and otherwise—watched her step and managed to knock out a pretty good time.

Then at the beginning of the third season, with the redoubtable Schuman casting an entertainment so colorful and gorgeous that it made its predecessors seem pale by comparison, Al Branner, the celebrated slapstick comedian came into the show and for the first time Gwennie found that she had tumbled head over heels in love.

Branner was familiarly known as the Duke of Broadway because of the carefree manner in which he got rid of his salary. His acrobatic dancing kept him slim and athletic, he was as handsome and conceited as any famous comedian had a right to be, owned a foreign motorcar and had only one vice. That was a craving to spend money, to get more and to spend that. Off and on the stage Branner was an honest-to-goodness "funny man." His wit was spontaneous and clean. The shapes into which he could contort his plastic face were always good for a laugh, his mugging and clowning were ridiculously amusing and his popularity that of a real Duke.

Gwennie was frank enough with herself to admit that it was Branner's looks that had first attracted her attention. However, beauty being only skin deep, it wasn't very long before she came to realize that for all his egotism, his career as a spendthrift and his playing up to the mob, Branner was the one man she had dreamed about always.

No little part of her secret affection was due to the fact that Al Branner had never been in a jam or had

Head OVER Heels in Love

A Story of Broadway



given the Longacre sharpshooters cause to have anything on him. He had never been discovered in any lady's boudoir, mixed up in any scandal, divorced or even married. Gwennie adored him—from a distance.

Irma Hayes, of course, knew of the hidden passion but Irma, companion in greasepaint and co-rent-payer of the tiny apartment on West One Hundred and Eleventh Street, kept her knowledge as dark as a rainy midnight. Gwennie had all of Irma's

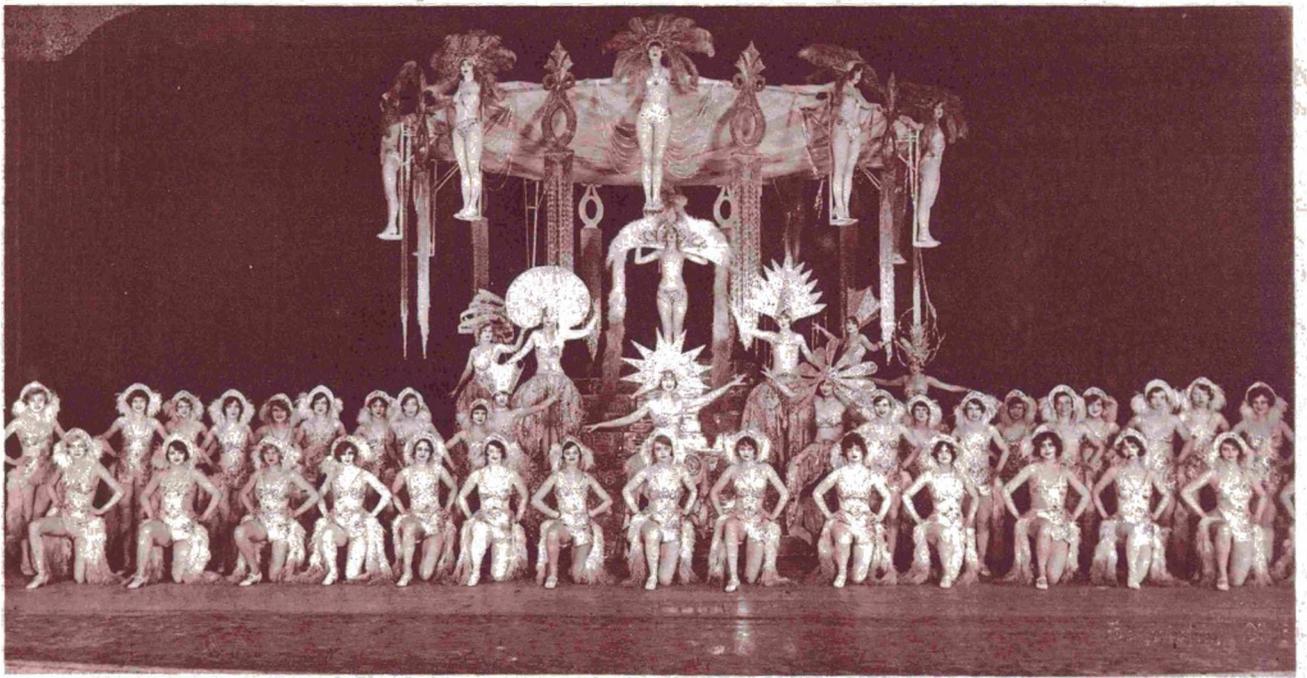
sympathy for it was stock gossip that Branner had a yen for Arlie d'Armour, the statuesque prima donna at the Gardens.

Ike Schuman's *revue* chorus disliked this Miss d'Amour because she was upstage, she was Ritz and because, using the brains given her, she had worked her way up from the chorus ranks to a stellar role. Arlie had jewels, furs, a cabriolet of her own and a haughty contempt for the four and twenty girls of the Gardens who dressed the song and dance numbers in which she held the center of the stage.

Like most of her kind Miss d'Amour had completely forgotten the days when she dried her handkerchiefs on the window pane, sat with bare legs while she darned her only pair of silk stockings and wondered if she could spare twenty cents or a quarter for luncheon. Most fortunate ones who knew what the seamy side meant would have helped some other struggler a little but not Arlie.

Whatever bitterness Gwennie felt was born of pure envy. She thought how wonderful it must be to have Al Branner smile into her eyes, to open the front door of his big truck and drape a caracul lap-robe carefully around her knees. Or to drift up the road to some knockout tavern with Branner and Mr. and Mrs. Herbie Rooney, the theatrical lawyer and his wife. Rooney was the magician who secured the platinum-edged contract with Ike Schuman and Rooney was Branner's best friend before, after and during business hours.

The tragedy of it all was that the jester of the Algerian Gardens had been unaware of Gwennie's existence. He often passed her on the stairs that led up to the dressing rooms or in the wings but he had never stopped for a second glance, recognition had never lighted his expressive face and he had never smiled at her.



DE MIRJIAN.

Scene from Earl Carroll's "Vanities."

"As a Revue girl Gwennie made friends, enemies and sixty dollars a week."

II

GWENNIE, as usual, was thinking about Al Branner as she undressed in the third tier dressing room she shared with eight other girls. She removed her make-up with leisurely deftness, heedless of the chatter about her, her sea-blue eyes dream-filled and clouded. So abstracted was she that Irma, busy at the next table, spoke twice before she made herself heard.

"For heaven sakes put down that towel and listen to me a minute, Gwen. You came upstairs so fast you missed all the fun. My dear—select dirt, positively!"

"Dirt?"

Irma nodded her head. "At's what I said. One of the electricians forgot to drag in a bridge cable and Sybil Wayne stumbled over it, took a Brody into Arlie who happened to be right ahead of her and almost knocked Stuck-Up for a goal. You should have waited."

"What happened?" A titian-haired young lady on her left took up the thread of the narrative. "Not a thing except d'Amour went cuckoo. My dear, what she didn't say isn't to be found in any dictionary. Then when she got through bawling Sybil out she got ahold of Ike and said that if he didn't can Sybil she'd quit herself. So that's the end of a good scout who has staked me many a time. The poor kid's through Saturday."

Irma's fingers tightened about the imitation ivory handle of a mirror she was using.

"Yes, what do you know about that for a low down trick? And sweet little Sybil too! That's one thing more that adds up on the score we're going to settle with

Arlie some day soon. I wonder if she thinks she can get by clean on this sort of stuff? Don't worry. There's a day coming——"

"You don't happen to have a calendar with you?" an icy voice drawled from the half open dressing room door. "I'd like very much to get the date of the day you're talking about!"

Lifting her head with a suppressed gasp, Gwennie saw the statuesque subject of their conversation on the threshold, considering them with half-shut, insolent eyes. Arlie d'Amour was swathed in sables and wore a chic little turban so French it almost sang the Marseillaise but Gwennie didn't notice her elegance for, just outside in the corridor, she glimpsed the shadowy figure of Al Branner and knew the inner stirring that was always hers at the sight of him.

"I beg your pardon," Irma drawled politely. "Did you say something, Miss d'Amour?"

The insolent eyes flashed.

"I'll have a lot more to say if you girls aren't put in your places. I'm perfectly aware of your feelings toward me. Miss Wayne's pretended stumbling is an example of it. Just let me tell you what I've told the other chorus girls in the next room. I won't tolerate any nonsense from any of you. You're nothing but despicable roughnecks. One more break and I'll speak to Mr. Schuman. I'll refuse to work with any of you and——"

"That's enough," the voice of Al Branner interrupted pleasantly from the corridor. "The kids understand all right now, Arlie. Come on, let's blow——"

On their way to the subway sometime later Irma, who had been silent and thoughtful, touched Gwennie's gloved hand with her own.

"Are you still strong for Al, sweetie? I mean are you giving a good home to that hopeless passion you used to talk about? You haven't said much lately?"

Gwennie looked at the misshapen moon that sailed over Longacre Square.

"I love him," she answered simply. "I can't help it—I seem to love him more every day. I used to think it would be wonderful, Irma. But now I know it isn't. Love is just longing and longing, heartaches and a kind of hollow despair that sometimes makes you wonder if anything's worth while. Why do you ask?" she added, when they reached the subway.

Irma's smile was enigmatic.

"Oh, no particular reason. Changing the subject, do you mind if we set the alarm clock for ten? I promised Sybil Wayne that I'd take her around to that Eytalian table d'hote trap for lunch tomorrow and I don't want to oversleep.

III

Miss Arlie d'Amour had no cause for complaint during the balance of the week, as for the chorus the performances at the Algerian Gardens were uneventful. Not entirely so for Gwennie who imagined that Al Branner had smiled at her while the girls were waiting a song cue in the wings. She had often heard innumerable ballads that told the world what a smile could do but she had never imagined it could be so warm and stimulating, such a first-aid to her dreams, something to treasure and remember. . . .

Yet Branner's smile was insignificant compared with something that happened between acts during the Monday night performance. Then the comedian, absurd in his grotesque costume and big shoes, caught Gwennie's arm as she was racing up the iron stairway for a costume change.

"Just a minute, Special Delivery—"

Amazed, Gwennie halted and gave him a frightened look.

"Did you—did you speak to me?"

Branner made a grimace.

"I tried to. This is my first chance since you started to do a Zev upstairs. If you haven't got a date tonight I'd like to run you up the road for a time. What do you say?"

Gwennie's suspicion that he might be intoxicated vanished when she saw that his gaze held her own steadfastly and that his voice was free from any huskiness.

"Haven't you made a mistake?" she quavered. "You—you don't know my name, do you?"

He made a gesture.

"I haven't made any mistake and you're Miss Carney. Listen, we've only got about ten minutes apiece to change our scenery so don't waste it asking questions. Is it a date?"

"Y-yes!" Gwennie stammered, deafened by the clamor of her pulses.

She was certain that like Cinderella she was destined to snap out of it at the magic hour of twelve but when the midnight hour struck Branner was waiting for her with a coach drawn by seventy invisible horses and the feel of his hand was very real when he tucked the caracul lap robe about her and wedged himself in under the wheel.

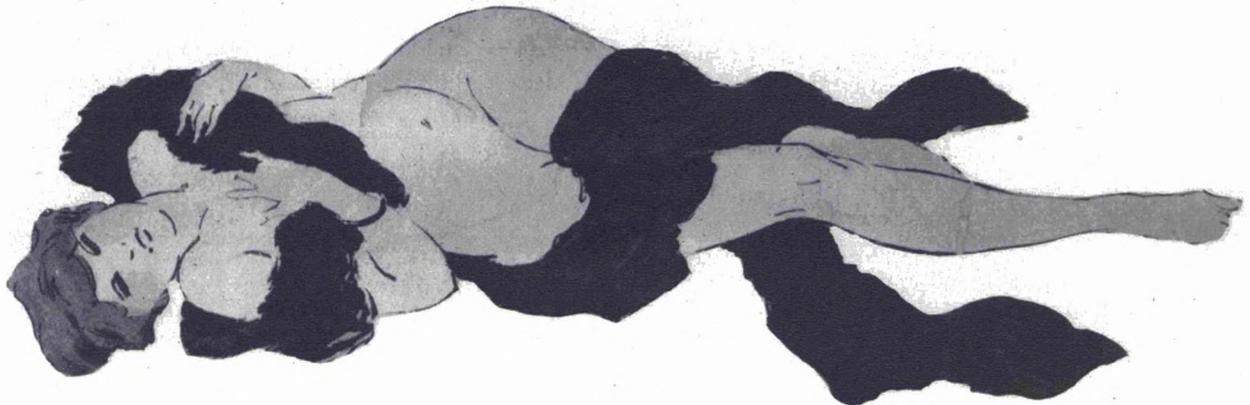
"Ever tried the Inn Napoleon up Scarsdale way, Miss Carney? . . . Please don't look at me as if I were Three Shot Theodore, the hop-head gunman. I'm not trying to abduct you or lead you into a life of sin—if that's what you're thinking about."

"I was thinking," Gwennie said candidly, "about Miss d'Amour."

The comedian's smile vanished.

"Miss d'Amour and myself," he stated slowly, "have definitely ended our friendship. Perhaps it's just as well. She had the face of an angel but the temper of a devil. By the way, how is your temper?"

"I haven't any!"



"Do you go a million miles up in the air when a waiter accidentally steps on your foot?"

"I enjoy having waiters step on my feet."

"Do you like to dance?"

"I'm simply crazy about it!"

"And you—ah—like me?"

"O—oh—y—yes—"

Branner steered between two taxicabs with careless skill and looked down at her.

"Then we're going to be a couple of grand little pals, Gwennie. I can't understand why it was I never saw you before—the other night. I know I'm color-blind, but I never thought I was beauty-blind. I'll try and make up for my neglect. Wait until I gas this boiler some more and I'll show you how the Duke of Broadway shoots his sailors!"

Gwennie snuggled under the caracul robe with a blissful sigh of contentment.

A few nights later she and Branner danced with Mr. and Mrs. Herbie Rooney at the Crystal Slipper. They wined and dined decorously for neither the attorney nor the comedian had tummies lined with blotters but what they did do was dance miles, hold open court and finally depart toward three in the morning.

Branner motored the Rooneys up to Washington Heights and then drifted slowly down Broadway toward One Hundred and Eleventh Street. He said nothing until they had stopped in front of the building that sheltered the tiny apartment she shared with Irma. Then he looked at her and Gwennie saw that his eyes were oddly eloquent.

"Before we say good-morning I want to ask you something, sweetness. Will you marry me tomorrow?"

Gwennie's crimson lips opened. She stared speechlessly for what seemed an age.

"You—you don't mean it. You—you're fooling——"

"*Fooling?*" Branner's hand tightened over hers."

"Gwennie, this is the most serious thing that ever happened to me. I want you—always—because I've gone and fallen head over heels in love with you. It's the real thing too, honey girl. I want you to be my Duchess and take care of me. I want——"

His voice broke and Gwennie saw him reaching for her, saw his lips yearning for her lips and then felt something that was like a divine fire flaring up in her heart in one made, delicious flame.

"Love!" she thought dizzily. "*Love—*"

IV

TWO mornings later Herbie Rooney, in his office at the Fine Arts Building, looked up as Al Branner sauntered in.



"Let's have that telegram you showed me last week," the comedian said.

Rooney searched through some papers on his desk and handed it across. Branner glanced briefly at its contents:

Endeavor to locate Gwendolyn Carney, formerly of Treadwell, Texas. Two gushers brought in on property willed her by her uncle. Communicate when found.

The name of a firm of lawyers in Houston was tacked on to the message but Branner didn't bother to read them. Tearing the message into small pieces he showered the scraps into a convenient trash basket and drew a deep breath.

"That's out, Herbie. I'm ashamed of myself for ever thinking I'd be a panic as a fortune hunter. My wife's the darlinest kid and money don't cut any ice in *our* pond. And she's never going to learn why I looked her up either. We'll let those babies down in Houston get in touch with someone else. Understand?"

Later the same day Miss Irma Hayes met an old friend on the corner of Forty-third Street and stopped for a chat.

"Yes," she said among other things, "we're even with Arlie at last. Sybil Wayne and myself thought it up together. One of Sybil's boy friends went down to Houston to practice law and we got him to send a phony telegram—figuring Rooney would say something to Al Branner and get Al interested in our sweet little Gwennie. Did it? My dear, they were married yesterday and just awhile ago the boss told me himself that Arlie d'Amour is leaving the show. I'm asking you, isn't it an ill wind that gathers no moss?"





Une Mode Qui Nous Vient d'Amérique

Before Swine

"Jack dropped these pearls in my lap at dinner last night."

"Yes, I've heard him say you were a little pig."

E. Fabiano

From the "Viennese Medley," a First National Picture.

The Maid of the Movies

By Willard Holcomb



THE Maid of the Movies
is dark, or fair,
But always possessed
of a "baby stare"
And what is described as "rebellious hair"

—So maybe that's the reason
Old Father Trouble is on her trail
And chases her in and out the pale
If she's a CHICKEN he makes her QUAIL
Both in and out of season.

You've heard "What Happened to Mary"—more
Than ever happened to maid before—
Since Milton Nobles' (in days of yore)
"The Villain Still Pursues Her";
But the Movie Maid is immortal—quite.

You can't destroy her with dynamite,
And even when she is "out of sight"
You'll find you cannot lose her.

She soars the clouds in an aeroplane
And falls plumb into the "raging main"
But always serenely bobs up again
When the sky above is clearing;
Phoenix-like she defies the flame,
Her innocent head may be bowed in shame,
But always "exculpated" just the same,
While the audience is cheering.

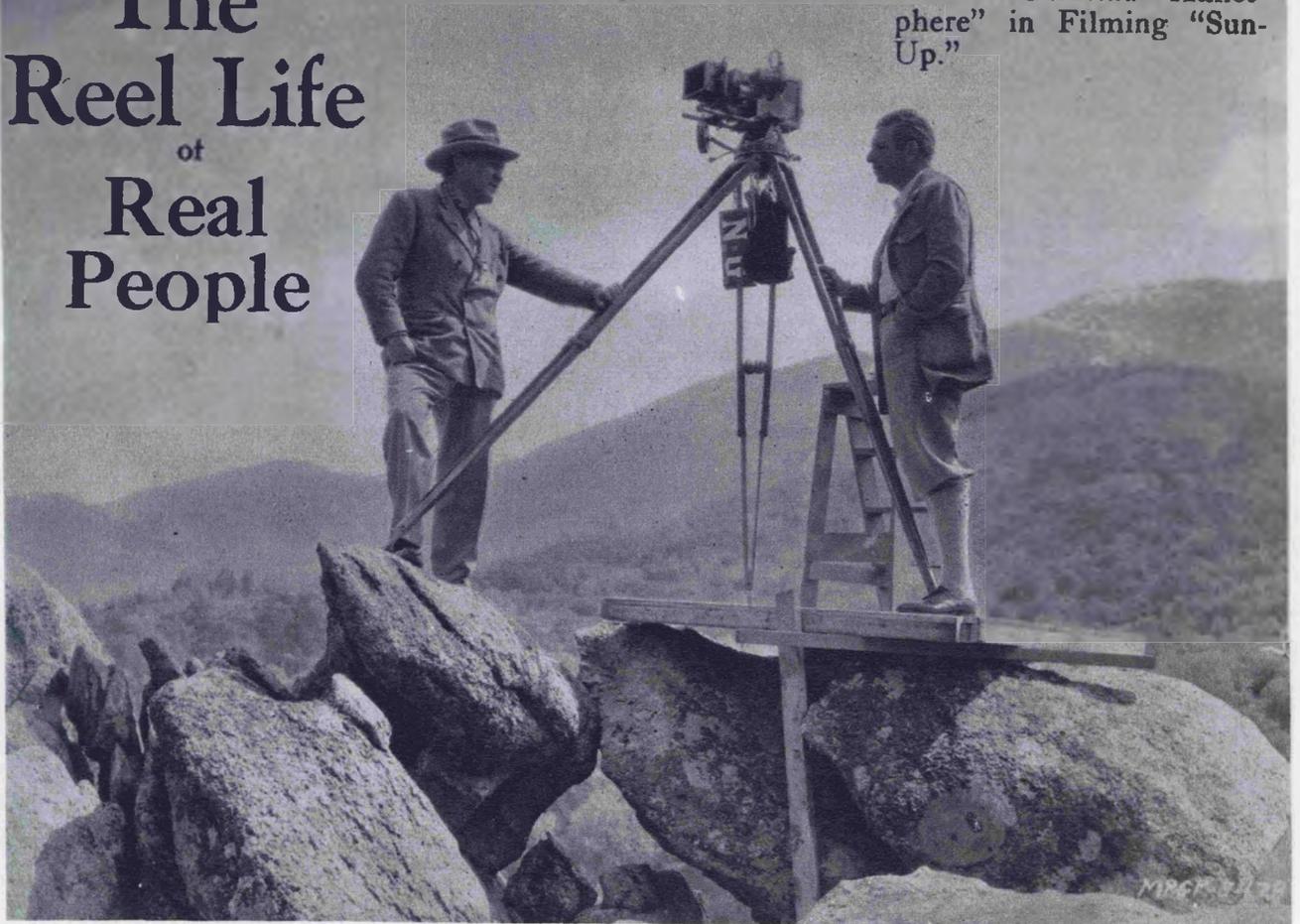
D'Ennery's "Two Orphans" we can't forget,
Poor blind Louise, and proud

Henriette,
But the Movie Maid is the "one best bet"
In the "death-defying" scene;
Shades of Mrs. Evans and Eugene Sue,
St. Edna Earl and the Wandering Jew
Never suffered half this girl goes through
On the motion picture screen!

O the Movie Maid is the one for mine,
Not in the matrimonial line—
A husband would have to be divine
To abide with such a wife;
But if I were a life insurance man
I'd write a perpetual payment plan
To insure the pictorial heroine—
And retire—rich for life!

The Reel Life of Real People

South Carolina "Atmosphere" in Filming "Sun-Up."



THEY tell this one around Hollywood about Elaine Golden. Elaine was a good poet and novelist. She is now a mediocre scenario writer. Mediocre in the sense that her scenarios are mediocre; not in the sense that her money is—she earns more than the president.

She is one of those darlings of forty and really not so bad looking. She has very white skin and an interesting figure, topped by a not bad crop of persistent black hair. Her lips are full and red and her eyes are full of hell.

She takes herself as an "artist," and an aesthete rather seriously; being, very distinctly, one of the "moderns." There has always been a tacit understanding since the days of Pindar Aeschylus and Sophocles that a poet may do almost anything and charge it up to the aphrodisia always attendant upon his ignis fatuus; the only thing that the contemporary poetasters have done is to remove the almost—and Elaine removed that long before

the age of consent.

She was an artist to her manicured fingertips. You understand, of course, that the difference between an "artist," and the ordinary genius Babbit is that the former uses the word "one," as a pronoun whenever possible and sometimes when not possible.

Elaine was polemic, much in the same sense that Freud was polemic—and with much the same idea, and an antinomian to the last anti-conventional thing that she could conceive. I will not here make the customary qualifying remark to the effect that after all she was really "technically," a good girl—if I were in possession of *that* fact, obviously she wouldn't be.

Early one mornin' about eleven-thirty, Elaine called a taxi and started for the studio in which one of her fleshy stories was being filmed.

Her usually busy head was empty of ideas when she got into the cab, but, after she had traveled a block or two she noticed the sun glinting upon the noble left jaw of her chauffeur

and something glinted inside of Elaine. She studied him in silence; watched the rugged smoothness of his cheek and the firm, masterful way that he swung the taxi through the streets. After a last glance had assured her that his hair was delightfully curly she leaned forward and tapped the window. When one is forty a lady stops waiting to be paged by romance and starts stalking romance determinedly.

"Yeh?" shouted the Adonis.

"Never mind the studio," smiled Elaine, "just drive around."

Since one cannot "drive around" very far within the corporate limits of Hollywood they soon reached one of those stretches you always read about in novels. The Hollywood sun was shining and there was a soft, amorous breeze wafting in from the ocean.

Elaine tapped upon the window again.

"Guess I'll get out and walk around a bit; too nice a day to spend within doors. Would you care to

come with me?" she added with a not bad attempt to simulate naivete.

"Sure!" returned the driver, hoping against hope that she had a bottle.

He took her arm and they started up a small incline. Naturally Elaine leaned against him whenever and wherever possible; also she cast dying looks up at him at every opportunity. The young man was bored to death—but he remembered that every moment spent in this manner added to the taxi bill and bore it.

At the top of the hill, however, well out of sight of a hide bound world, Elaine cut loose. She asked him to take off his cap so she could see his hair. He did. It was hair worth looking at.

"You're trying to vamp me aintcha?" he ventured at length.

"How delightfully naïve you are" she returned coquettishly.

"Are them real poils you got wrapped around you?" next inquired the youth speculatively.

"No," replied Elaine hurriedly, "they're paste. It is a set I had made in imitation of my real ones which I keep in a vault."

"Got a bottle?" he hazarded.

"No, I have not a bottle," returned Elaine, somewhat piqued.

"Well, let's go back to the taxi then. Some bird might come along and cop it."

"All right," agreed Elaine in a huff. He looked down at her a moment thoughtfully, and in that moment a charitable impulse came to him, a charitable impulse probably colored by the thought of a big tip. He swept her up into his arms as though she had a pint bottle of bonded bourbon and kissed her convincingly. Elaine thrilled to the marrow of her bones. She was speechless all the way down the hill and to the cab. Without her so ordering he drove her to the studio and left her. Months afterward everyone agreed that the picture Elaine helped to direct that day was the best of her career. Anyway, to get back to the story.

THAT night Elaine's first action upon arriving back at the tiny thirty-two room house which she managed to get along with while in Hollywood was to call up

the taxi company and, with the aid of her receipt slip ascertain the address of the young chauffeur.

After obtaining it she found a nice, new one hundred dollar bill and, enclosing it in a short note mailed it to the youth—and then forgot about the incident, against the next one which she hoped would be soon.

The following day Elaine went as usual to the studio. It was one of those high class studios where they have two dressing rooms for the male stars—one of them for those who twinkle. They had Elaine's number from away back—and they thought little enough indeed of her perfectly natural amours with husky members of the A. F. of L.

Elaine was assisting in the direction of one of her own par-boiled chronicles of love, and other things not so easily identified, when a message came for her.

"Note for you Miss Golden," a gag man yelled up to her where she stood on a raised dais with the regular director. She didn't hear him because she was making harsh noises of her own, addressing a "perfect lover," of the screen in billingsgate: "Now listen, Oscar! In this scene, for the love of Oscar Wilde, remember that you're supposed to be a man—a real man. Try to act like one, for just a few minutes. If you put your hands on your hips even once I'll tear your handkerchief and smear your mascara—all right—CAMERA!"

"Hey! Miss Golden!" insisted the

gag man from below.

"What the hell do you want?" snapped Elaine, hearing him at last.

"Note for you."

"Read it, read it!" she snapped petulantly, pausing with megaphone in hand. After a moment's hesitation he tore open the grimy envelope and a satiny piece of perfumed, purple writing paper tumbled out; the writing was in green ink. As she leaned over impatiently listening he read aloud:

"Thank you for a beautiful moment. Moments that are pearls which one collects through the years and forms into a dainty little chain which may be told over in the secret places of the heart when life is dull. I am enclosing a hundred bill for you."

"You damn fool!" snapped Elaine, "that's a note I sent to a taxi driver—where the devil did you get it?" The gag man looked puzzled and turned the missive over.

"Oh!" he said, "the answer's on the other side. Want me to read you that?"

"Sure!" said Elaine. "If I'm not among friends, I'm at least among those who will hardly dare say anything to one who knows as much about them as I do—" she glared defiantly about the studio. The gag man read aloud again—and to this day they kid Elaine about it around Hollywood:

"Dear Lady:

"You ain't see nothing yet—give me half an hour!"



Putting the finishing touches on Banquet Scene in "Ben Hur."



What IS Beauty?

THIS championing of beautiful womanhood is hardly a modern innovation but a commendable pursuit even though unnecessary. We say unnecessary because we have failed to find one beautiful woman who was unable to do her own championing in a most efficient and convincing manner. It is a gift with most of them. The main difficulty seems to be to arrive at some universal standard of beauty. What is it anyway? We read about it, hear about it and believe we gaze upon it. A number of competent judges team up and pick out the most beautiful girl in Hoakem City and when we see her picture in the paper we can think of at least a half-dozen maidens who have more claims to the laurels. Beauty seems to be merely a matter of personal registration. Where our acme may be roses someone else may have a leaning toward violets.

Beauty is also pretty muchly a matter of geography. Imagine a local prize-winner from the Zulu headquarters toeing the mark with a Mack Sennet pippin and by the same token compare the round faced Esquimaux chicken with the warm Hawaiian baby. It just can't be done. What is peaches and cream for Herr Dinkelspiel is bologna for Alphonse.

So much for personal prejudices, they are apt to change with environment and association anyway. There are a few accepted rules for picking out feminine possessors of beauty that seem, with but few exceptions, to produce results. The results are in the acclamation of the male portion of the population. First the maiden to be judged must have a shapely body, firm with gracefully curving lines and combining a delicate slimness with a well

rounded and eye-pleasing fullness in the proper places. Secondly she must be well poised, graceful in movement and possessed of a charming personality that instills in every one of the judges' breasts a keen desire to pay a fancy dinner check. Thirdly she must have good influential and financial backing otherwise even the first two items might only land her a job as an extra in some second rate movie company.

There are a lot of professional beauties who have all three requirements and are doing their best to educate the stupid public in the matter of appreciating feminine pulchritude. The movie and theatrical revues display beauty in all its phases while the news-stands are overflowing with alleged beauty periodicals. In view of the fact that clothing seems to be a detriment to beauty and is discarded by most of the exponents of beautiful womanhood in all of their representations, the public has about arrived at the conclusion that beauty and nudity are one and the same thing. If a young woman is depicted in a highly abbreviated and form-fitting bathing suit that barely registers in the picture she is heralded as a bathing beauty regardless of the fact that her hips are several inches too broad and that she wears a number six shoe.

We don't like to have other people pick out our hats for us so why let them select the type of beauty for us. There are plenty of women of all shapes and sizes to go around. If we really like them plump and blond why let some chap with a misplaced ego try to force a willowy brunette upon our beauty loving susceptibilities? Every man his own beauty judge, is our slogan. As for us we are broad-minded and believe that "beauty is as beauty does." Needless to say we are often gloriously done.

Why go to a beach on a hot, hot day?
Why crowded sands to roam,
Just fill a tub with water cool,
And have your swim at home.



E-LEG-Y ON A GARTER

SHE sends me a garter—
some unknown fair—
That's good for a starter,
but still I swear
Since only one garter no one
will wear
'Twould be better barter to
send me a pair.

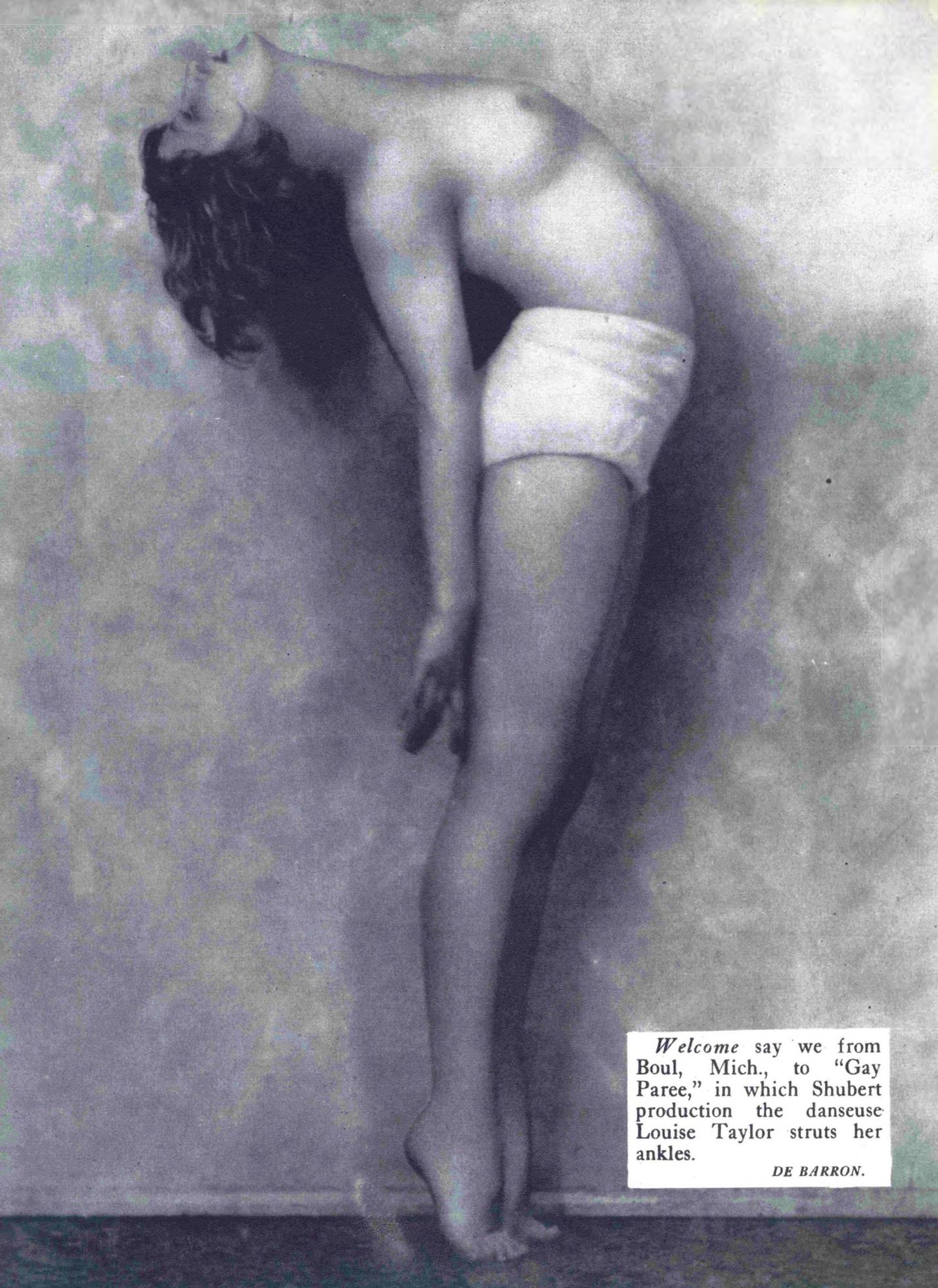
Still, this bit of attire—as well
as her bonnet,
May serve to inspire some sort
of a sonnet,
Or perhaps it were nigher in
fitness to don it
And tune up my lyre for an
"l-e-g" on it!

Ah, who may disclose what
this dainty silk band,
With its neatest of bows which
I hold in my hand,
And its color of rose in its
time may have spanned?
Pray "turn on the hose" if you
don't understand!
Ancient legends declare that

on Easter tide
Who wears one of a pair will
win for his bride
The maiden fair who its mate
doth hide—
And inside of a year they'll be
surely tied.

One link in the chain of Hy-
men is here—
But still all in vain do I pon-
der and peer
And puzzle my brain about
ladies' gear—
Its partner, that's plain, does
not appear!

Now, that isn't right—to give
me no chance
I ask not full sight—but mere-
ly a glance;
So no homely old fright need
take offense—
My motto's "Honi soit qui mal
y pense"
(Meaning "No metal can touch
her")



Welcome say we from
Boul, Mich., to "Gay
Paree," in which Shubert
production the danseuse
Louise Taylor struts her
ankles.

DE BARRON.

Pastels

Scene from *Pastels* and
Models, First Edition.



The KISS

(These two letters, written on Jap-paper of rice straw, were found in a little Russian leather pocket-book, under a praying desk in the Madeline Church on Sunday morning after the one o'clock mass by *Maufrigneuse*.)

HO! Mon ami, it cannot be. That which you ask of me is revolting and disgusting. They say that God, (you know that I believe in God,) has spoiled all the good that he has created by joining something horrible with it. He has given us the power of loving, the sweetest joy we have in this world, but He thinks that sentiment is too pure, and too beautiful for us, so he has created the senses—

The ignoble senses, which are coarse, revolting and brutal. He has created them as if in derision, contaminating them with all the filth of the body. He has conceived the idea in such a manner that we cannot think of it without a blush of shame.

It hides itself, it revolts the soul, it wounds the sight, it shames the morals, and is pursued by the law. Never again speak of it to me, never!

I do not know if I still love you, but I know that I am happy when I am near you, and when I see the tender look in your eyes, and hear the beloved tones of your voice, but if through weakness on



Posed by FLORENCE VIDOR
and LEW CODY

my part, you obtained what you desire, from that day you would become odious to me. The delicate chains of friendship which hold us together would be broken. There would be between us an abyss of crime. Let us remain as we are. And—love me if you will permit it. Your friend,

Genevieve.

MADAME:

Will you allow me in turn to speak to you as frankly as you have to me, without polite phrasing. I will speak just as plainly and unreservedly as I would to a friend who takes his eternal vows.

I also do not know if I love you. I could not really know until after that which revolts you so much has happened. Have you forgotten the lines by Musset: "If these moments are not divine, they are horrible?"



By
Guy de

Maupassaut

A philosopher, who does not practice these doctrines, has put us on our guard against the snare of nature:

"Nature craves beings," he says, "and to impel us to create them, she has mingled the enticement of love in the snare. And," he adds, "from the moment we give ourselves up to our passions, a profound sadness falls upon us, we see, we feel and we know the veiled and secret reason which has impelled us in spite of ourselves."

This is often true—very often indeed, and it is then that we experience the feeling of disgust. Nature has vanquished our passions, she has thrown us at her will into the arms that opened to receive us, because she decreed that arms should open.

Yes! I know the cold and violent kisses on strange lips, the fixed and ardent look in eyes that one has never seen before, and will never see again, and all that which I cannot here say, all which leaves in the soul a bitter, bitter melancholy. But when this cloud of affection that we call love has enveloped two

brings, when they have thought of each other constantly, for a long time, when during absence they are forever in the mind, by day and by night, and the sweet souvenir brings to the soul the features of the beloved face, the smile, and the sound of the voice, when in thought they have possessed the absent one, is it not natural then that at least we open our arms to each other, that our lips meet.

Have you never had the desire to be kissed? Tell me, if lips do not call to other lips, and if a look cannot excite furious and unrestrainable passions. Assuredly, *there* is the snare, the impure snare you will say. What does that matter? I know it, I love it, and I will fall into the snare. Nature teaches us to caress, but hides the ruse which is to force us in spite of ourselves to perpetuate the generations. Well then, let us steal caresses from her, make them our own, refine them, change them, idealize them if you wish.

Nature deceives us, so let us deceive the treacherous one in our turn. Let us do more than she would have us do, more than she would dare to teach us. Let the kiss be like a precious metal, brought out roughly from the earth, we will take it, and work at it, until it is wrought to perfection, without giving thought to the original design or of the concealed caprices of Him whom you call God. And if our thoughts can poetize all things, let us poetize the kiss, madame. Madame, let us love the delicious kiss like the strong wine fruit which sweetens the mouth.

When our artists sought for the rarest, and the purest form for the quaffing bowl—wherein Art could drink to inebriety, what did they choose? They chose a woman's lips of which the flower resembles that of the rose.



Scene from CHU CHIN CHOW

Madame, let us leave it to the moralists to preach modesty to us, and let the doctors give us prudent advice, 'et the poets—the deceivers



The KISS OF PIERROT

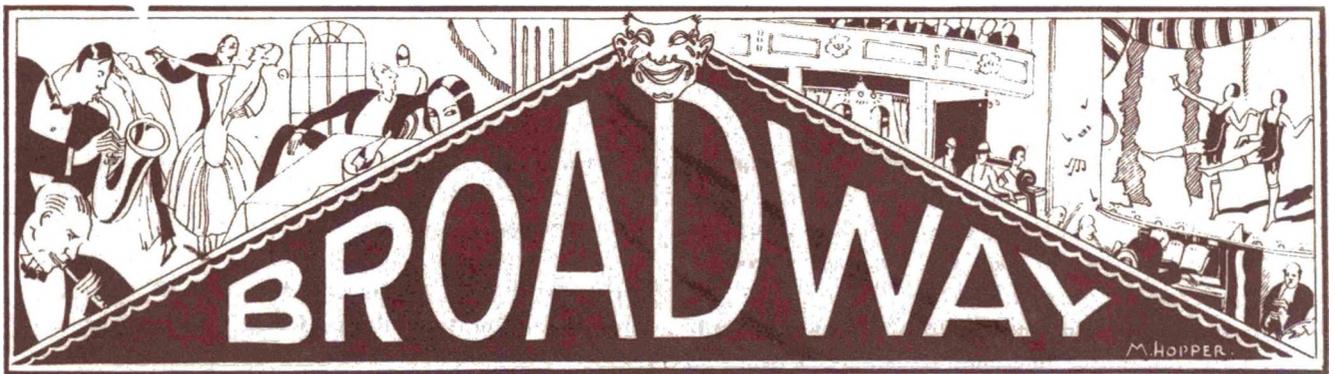
who deceive themselves—sing of the chaste union of souls and incorporeal happiness; let us leave the homely woman to their duties and the rational men to their useless work, the lay brethren to their doctrines, the priests to their commandments, but we will love above all else the kiss which intoxicates, and revives, which is sweeter than perfume, lighter than the breeze, more acute than wounds, quick and devouring, which forces a prayer, a cry, a tear, a sigh, which can impel us to commit any crime, or any act of courage. Let us adore it not in a tranquil, normal, or legal manner but violently and furiously immoderately. Let us search for it as we search for gold and diamonds, for it is of greater value, being inestimable and transient. Pursue it without ceasing, die for it and by it. And, if you wish, madame, I will tell you a truth which you will not find, I believe, in any book—the only happy women on earth are those who are loved with this intensity, who do not want for kisses. They live without care, without torturing thoughts, with only one desire—the desire for the next kiss which will be as sweet and as satisfying as the rest. The others—those to whom the kiss is circumspect, incomplete or rare, their lives are tormented by a thousand restless, disquieting thoughts, by the love of gold, the love of self conceit by the events which in time become griefs. But women who are kissed to satiety have need of nothing, desire nothing, regret nothing. They live in a tranquil and happy dream, scarcely aware of what would be to others, irreparable disasters, for the kiss replaces all, cures all, consoles all. . . . I have still so much to tell you:

Henri.

Une Trempette Dans un Verre d'Eau



Why the French Go in for Bathing.



By Wm. Keefe

MASTERS of the Broadway show-shops, having bitten into the forbidden apple, now are attacking it with immense gusto. There is a bite for everybody, and everybody is getting his.

Hence, writing from the uncomfortable perspective of early season, one helplessly wonders what the season is going to be like before it is through. There have been portents, unmistakable portents, of dizzy times ahead, so there is nothing to do but sit tight.

Nobody seems to care any more just what substance shall be hammered into a drama. Into pathology, religion, big business, suburban society, gold-digging—into all these strange and varied realms go the eager dramatists, returning with astonishing stories to tell us from the stage.

At the same time it is creditable that in the shows to which one goes in the expectation, and even in the hope of getting nothing more than a shock, one finds, in most cases, a splendid example of dramatic workmanship. Managers are becoming alert to the fact that audiences want more than shock. They want, now as always, a show.

Perhaps this was adequately demonstrated last Summer when an appalling play called "Beyond Evil" arrived in town. As a show it was wretched, intolerable. But it had, as its second act finale, as daring a spectacle as ever had been seen in town. It had a frightfully shocking curtain speech, obviously designed to start talk.

What happened? The only audience that saw the play laughed out loud at it. The solemn scenes were played to an accompaniment of hilarious guffaws. The tender scenes were cheered by the incorrigible first nighters. And the next day John Cort locked the theatre and refused to allow the show to go on. It played just one performance. That's what they think of shocks on Broadway.

Somewhat inconsistently, New Yorkers have voted an emphatic "nay" on what has become known as "the clean play." That is, a play cannot live only because it is clean. As is the case with the shockers, the clean shows

must be shows as well.

Say what you will, and as contemptuously as you will, New York theatre goers are sophisticated. They are all decidedly from Missouri these days and they are somewhat reluctant to see the mortgage lifted just because the hero wears his clothes well or because the ingenue is adorable. They want something with a kick in it.

In this connection, it might be pertinent to chronicle the short history of "Treat 'Em Rough," a sugary confection brought on from Hollywood by Frederic and Fanny Hatton, who once wrote "Upstairs and Down." This "Treat 'Em Rough" was a story of how a laughing girl came to work in a night club and, by her irrepressible smiling and giggling, won over the cynical roughneck son of the owner.

All very well, once. And still good in the movies, about which the Hattons might be presumed to know a great deal. But for Broadway, never. You see, this "Treat 'Em Rough" had the exceptional bad luck to reach town after the play "Broadway" established itself as a ringing hit.

"Broadway" is also a story of the night clubs. But no sugar-coated tale. No, "Broadway" reveals the gay places in all their picturesque and illegal truth. It is a tale of rum-running and murder and cheapness and sex intrigue. In short, it tells the bitter truth. And Broadway audiences, realizing that it is the truth, will take no other, however tempting. The upshot was that "Treat 'Em Rough" perished like an outcast.

Something like the year's greatest surprise was sprung on the town when "The Captive" was brought to the Empire theatre by the Frohman Company, underwritten by Famous Players-Lasky. This is the celebrated "La Prisoniere" of Edward Bourdet, presently occupying the boards in Paris, rendered into beautiful English by the younger Arthur Hornblow.

The audience that saw the play's premiere was quite familiar with the theme. They knew all about how a girl had been robbed of her love for men when, led by

an older woman, she roamed through the dark corridors of Lesbos. So there was naturally a great deal of speculation as to how the topic might be decorously treated.

Throughout the first part of the play the watchers were torn with expectancy. Suddenly, however, it became apparent that the tenseness had vanished, that everybody had settled into his seat and was enjoying the drama for itself. The play was so good that the shock, when it came, made no difference at all.

To give synopsis: Irene, daughter of a French diplomat about to be transferred to Rome, refuses to go with him on the plea that she wishes to continue her painting in Paris. Pressed further, she confesses that her real reason for wishing to remain behind is to be near her lover Jacques.

But Jacques, while agreeing to aid her in her schemes, being really in love with her, does not approve of her tricking her father. Nor is he able, remembering that she once loved him, to understand why she has grown so cold. He repeatedly begs her to marry him, and even wrings from her the admission that she loves no other man. Her unnatural passion she manages to keep hid.

But Jacques, refusing to credit her assertion, conducts an investigation which leads him to the horrifying truth. From the husband of the woman to whom Irene is enslaved he learns of her weakness. He denounces her in a stormy scene, but moved to pity by the girl and con-

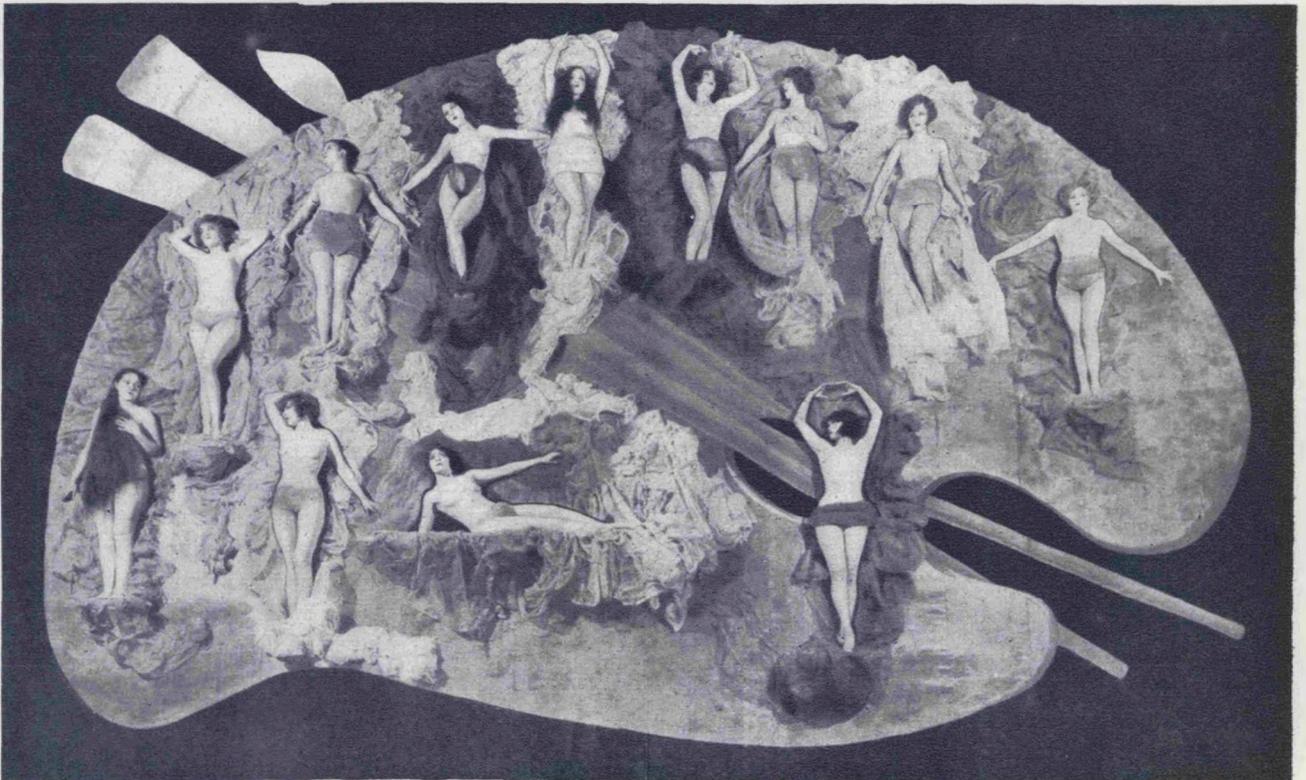
vinced that she is eager to cure herself, he agrees to marry her and save her from enslavement.

A year passes. During this time Jacques discovers that Irene doesn't love him. The play ends with Irene slinking back to her unnatural love, and Jacques cementing again the ties with his mistress, a heart-breaking climax.

Another play of the first importance is "An American Tragedy," fashioned from the bulky novel of Theodore Dreiser by Patrick Kearney. This story will be remembered as that of the unhappy Clyde Griffith, who slew his sweetheart Roberta because her approaching motherhood would destroy him socially and wreck forever the social career to be obtained by his contemplated marriage to Sondra Finchley. All the solemn force of the novel, with its final episode in the death house at Sing Sing, is preserved in the play.

Horace Liveright, the producer, has cast the show with amazing shrewdness. In his three important roles he has players who might easily have been conceived by Dreiser. Morgan Farley is Clyde and the dark-haired Katherine Wilson is Roberta. But the role that is filled to perfection is that of Sondra, impersonated by the glamorous Miriam Hopkins.

George Kelly, winner of the Pulitzer prize with his "Craig's Wife" of last year, shows that the honors were deserved by coming back with an even better play. "Daisy Mayme" it is called and as fine a play as is to be



Palette and Brush Scene
from Original Artists and
Models.

had. It is a story of the family workhorse and his meddling sisters.

Cliff Mettinger, busy supporting the family for 43 years, suddenly finds in Atlantic City the jolly sort of woman he likes. This spinster, Daisy Mayme of Harrisburg, he invites to his Philadelphia home for a holiday. Promptly his sister Laura and Olly, suspicious that she will marry their brother, conspire to make things so disagreeable for Daisy that she will betake herself off to Harrisburg.

But nothing like that happens. Instead, Cliff is gloriously awakened, rids himself of his sponging relatives and attains to the happiness and comfort he has so long been deprived of. Written with that amazing knowledge of family affairs he has exhibited before, this Kelly play is more like a personal experience than anything found in the theatre.

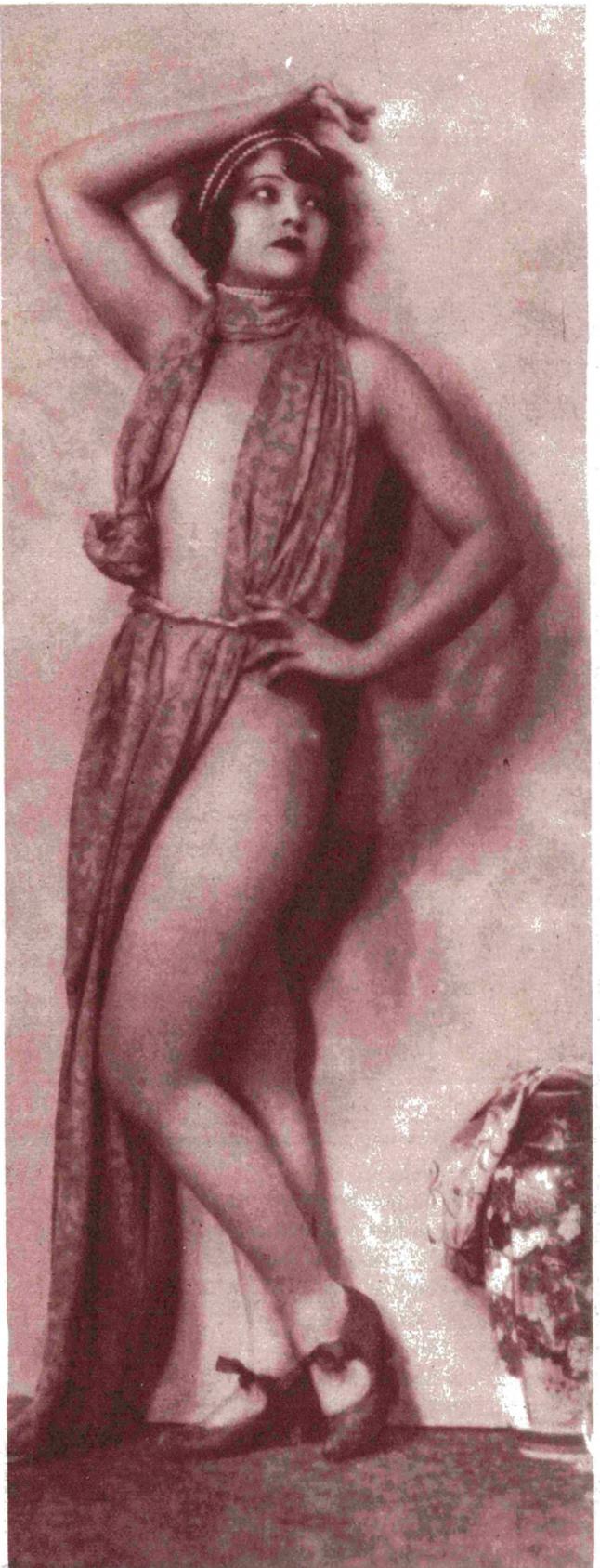
Directed by the author, the play has the services of such splendidly cast actors as Alma Kruger, Jessie Busley, Carlton Brickert, Josephine Hull and Roy Fant. It looks good for another prize for Mr. Kelly.

The mournful tale of Maximilian's misplaced idealism in Mexico is offered by the Theatre Guild as the first of its dramas. This "Maximilian and Juarez," while doubtful as a play, remains nevertheless a magnificent lesson in history and well worth the effort expended on its production.

Maximilian, it will be remembered, quitted his native Austria to be emperor of Mexico, feeling, in his helpless way, that the natives needed a ruler. How Juarez resented the intrusion and warred upon the Empire until Maximilian fell in the dust before the firing squad makes for a drama of the deepest interest.

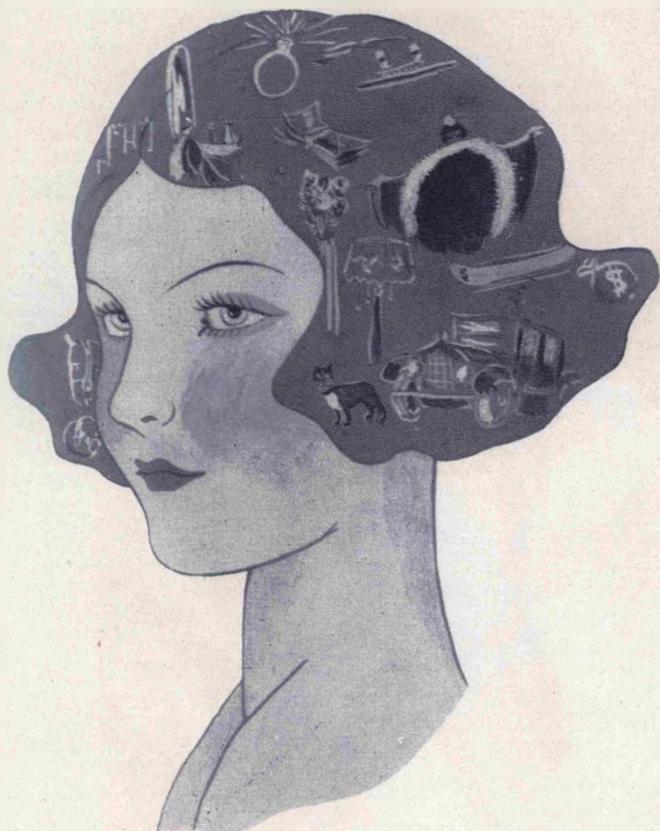
Performing the role of Maximilian is Alfred Lunt, that ace of Guild actors. Clare Eames plays the Empress Carlotta, who went mad during her quest for help in Rome; Edward G. Robinson makes an unforgettable General Diaz and Arnold Daly as the commander of the emperor's troops is little short of glorious.

Hardly destined for long life, but deserving to be listed among the things worth while, "The Woman Disputed," with Lowell Sherman, Ann Harding and Louis Calhern.



Annette Davies

DE BARRON



Will Man Ever Learn?

Birth.

Puppy Love.

The first kiss.

The first tryst.

The first hour of fond embrace.

The first jilting.

"Damn! That means money for roses!"

The first floral tribute.

The first forgiveness.

The first proposal.

The first marriage.

"I do!"

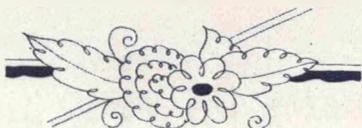
The first suspicion.

The first divorce.

OUR first meeting.

The first floral tribute; the first proposal.

WILL MAN *EVER* learn?



A

cross-eyed old donkey in Spain
Ran into a passenger train.
They picked up his ears
Off the coast of Algiers
And his tail in the mountains of
Maine.

Perhaps that's a laugh. Who knows? But we know if you have been tickled with the WINTER NUMBER of my magazine you just wait for the

Spring Number
of

LA BOHEME Quarterly

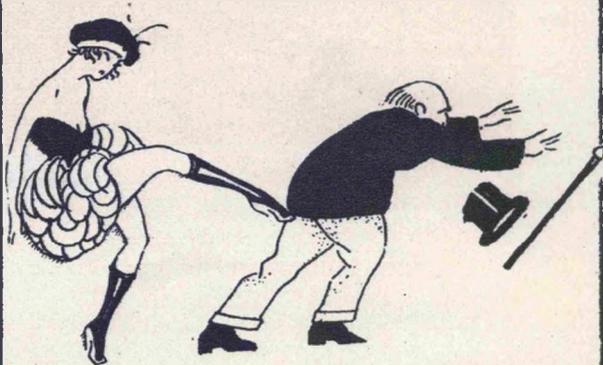
Twice as large — better than ever with a kick like a flask in your hip pocket.

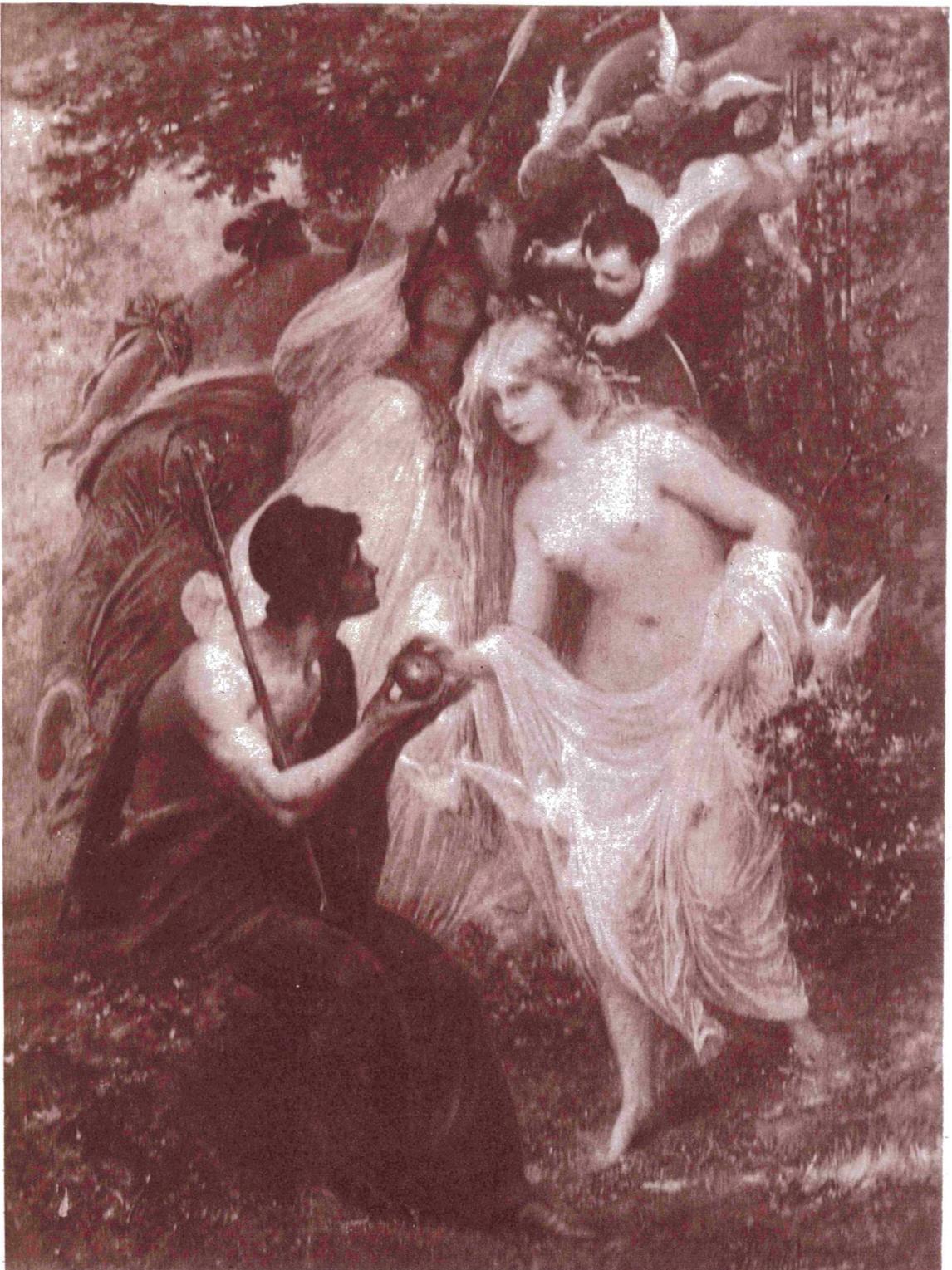
At All Newsdealers the

(March 5)

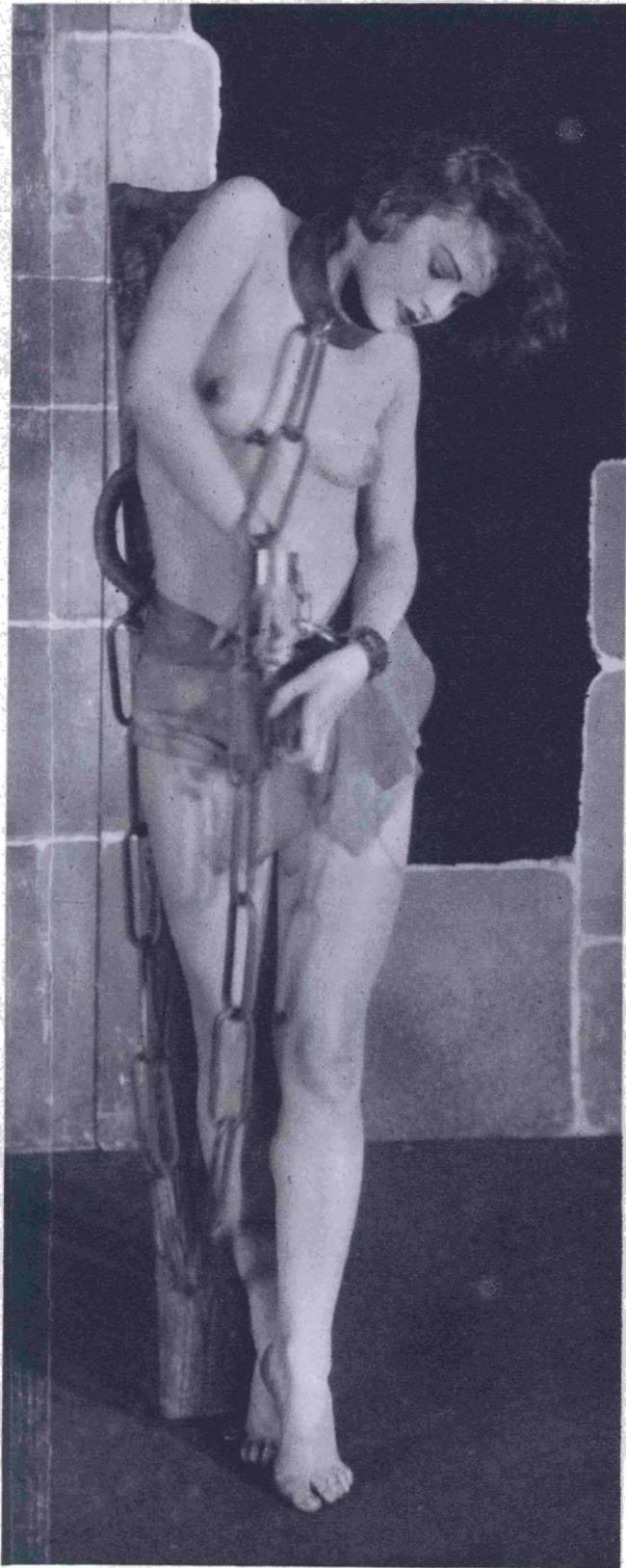
35 Cents the Copy

WAYNE SABBATH, Editor





In the Salon de Paris hangs the painting of The Judgment of Paris. It is quite gracious, therefore, to have this classical touch in a Paris publication, such as this.



*A Touch of Lord Byron's
Prison Poem is Portrayed
by Oliver McClure in "A
Night in Paris."*



Some Girls
Are Like

a

Dogs Nose
Always Cold
BUT FOR
Warm Moments

Get

Burten's

FOLLIES

the magazine of

"The People be Tickled"

That Tells You the Latest of

Broadway

Hollywood

and

Worlds

of Humor, Pictures and Sketches

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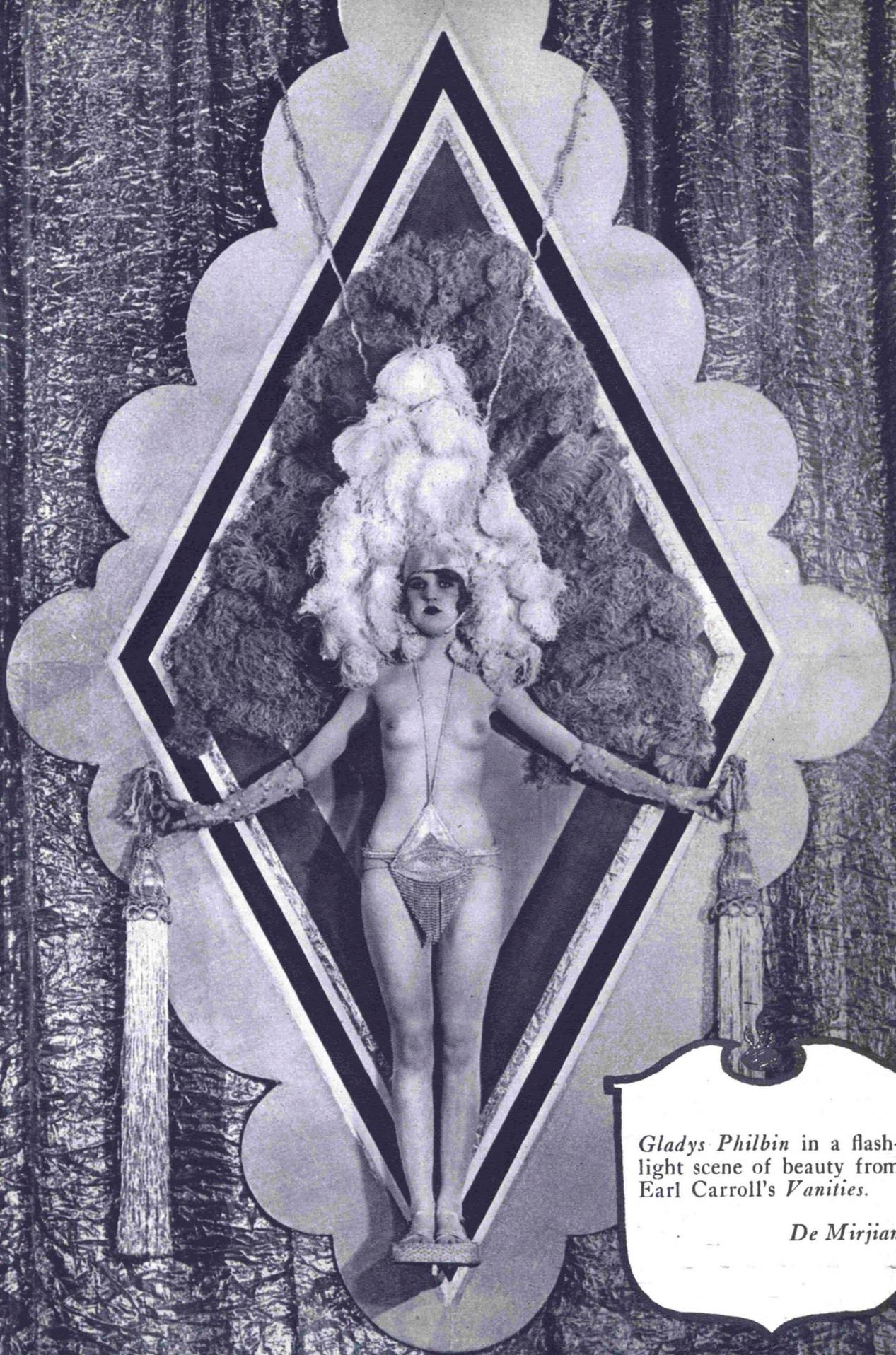
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Artist and SUCH a Model

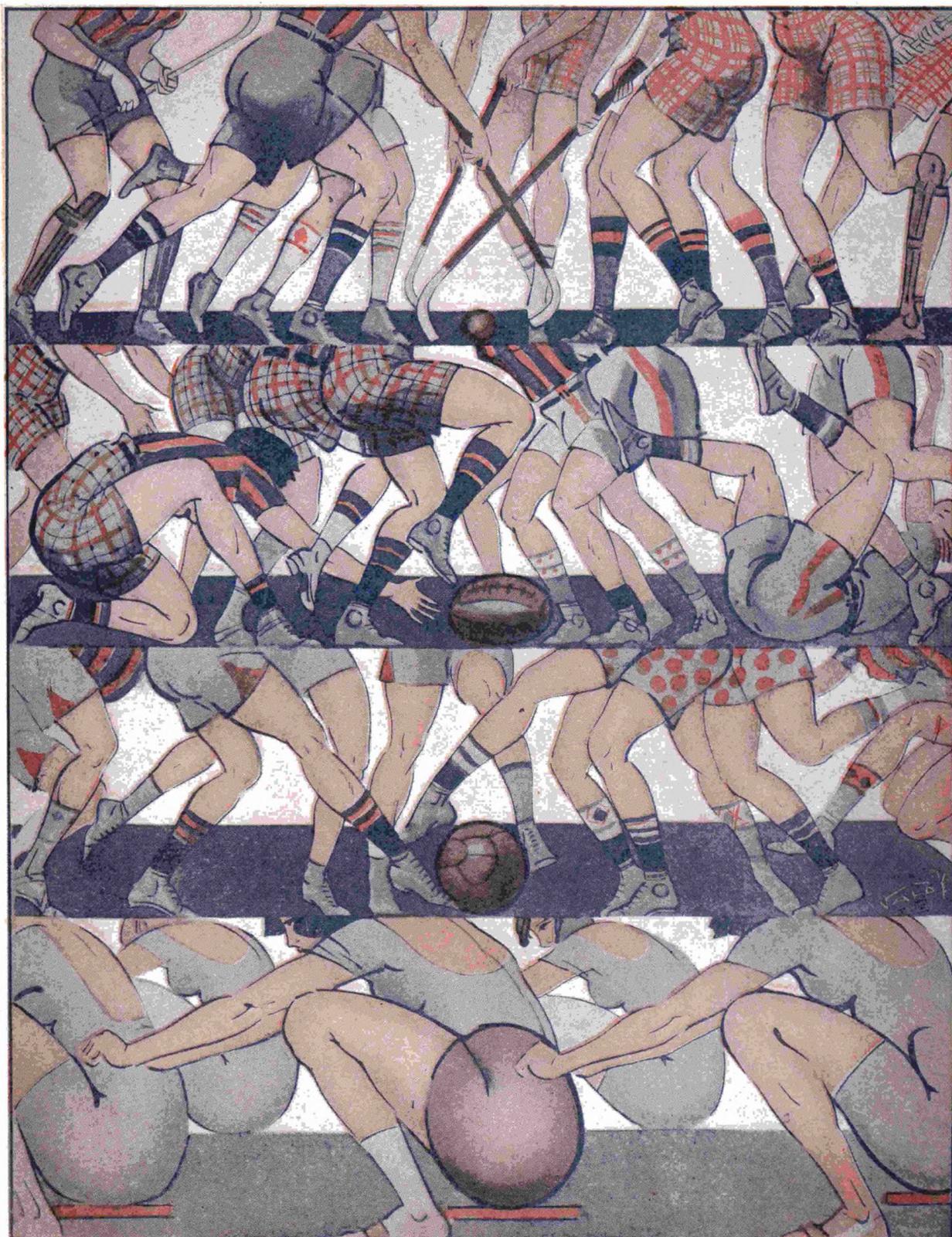


CHAS. A. SMITH



*Gladys Philbin in a flash-light scene of beauty from Earl Carroll's *Vanities*.*

De Mirjian



"SUPPORTING" FEMALE ATHLETICS

THE FRENCH object to female athletes displaying their legs. This sample seems to us to be pretty good form. What?



BUTTERFLIES

BUTTERFLIES of Broadway!! Pretty, dainty little things flitting hither and thither amid the bright lights, sipping honey from countless blossoms as they flutter aimlessly through life until some old "collector" deftly wields his golden net and adds them to his "collection" or some thoughtless youth catches them and destroys them "just for fun." Poor Butterflies, what a useless existence they lead but, after all, they contribute colorful spots to the drab pattern of Life and for that alone we can forgive them their petty sins.



STATION L-O-V-E BROADCASTING!

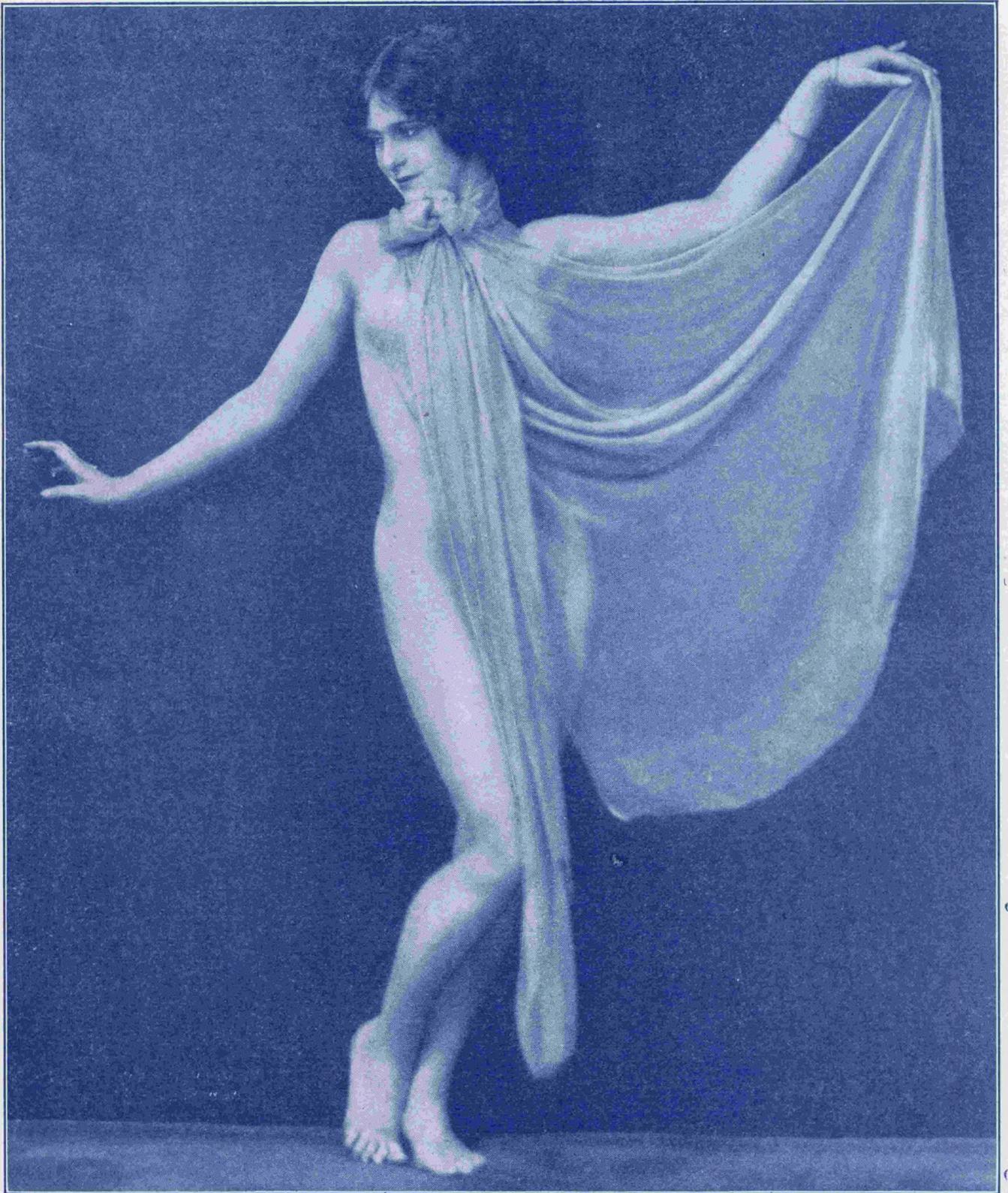


AS A RADIO EXPERT, Dan Cupid is a whiz. He is responsible for more freak Hook-ups than the Radio section of a daily tabloid. He has his own brand of Static that are active under all atmospheric conditions. Regardless of an invitation on your part, he Tunes In on your own private Wave Length and the first thing you know you are Listening In on a Lohengrin Program with a Loud Speaker Wired to your side for life (or for the duration of the bank-roll, as the case may be). As long as you keep your Batteries Charged you are O. K. but when your Current gets Low you'll find that you get Poor Reception. When Dan Cupid first manipulates the Dials of your Set he slips you a Bedtime Story but just as you are about to ease into the Land of Dreams he jolts you out of it with a Lecture on "Erring Husbands."



DIANA UP-TO-DATE

A horrid wild beast has the brave huntress "up a stump." Oh! Lady Behave!"



De Mirjian

FRANCES WARD, one of the charming graces of "Vanities," who appears quite dressed up. And how!!

La Boheme Quarterly

Now that I have
finished this book,
I can go to work.

